ACME $1

MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol.4 No.12
8s 6d

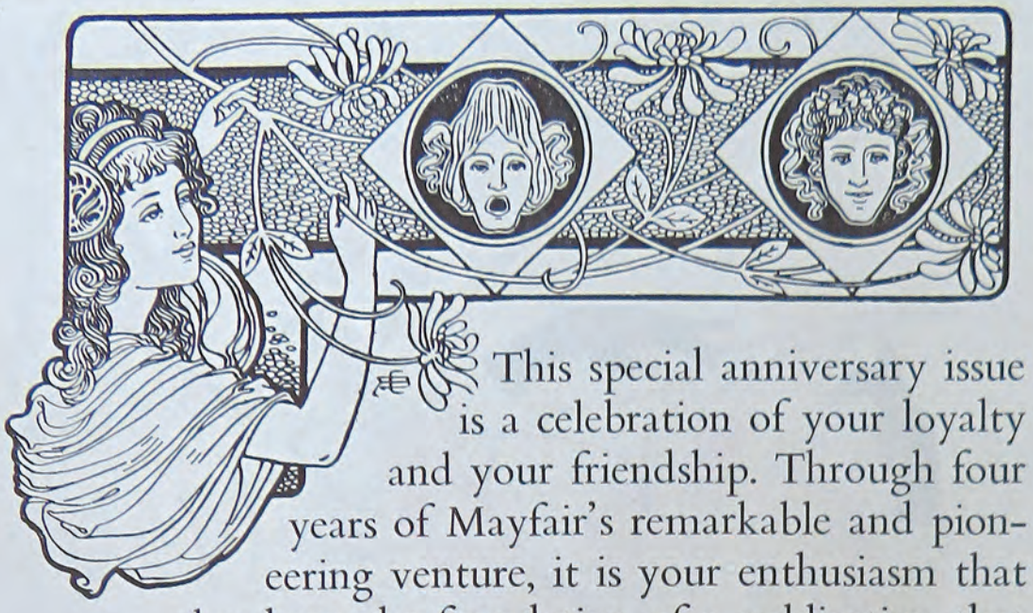
100-PAGE ANNIVERSARY BONANZA

THE NUDEST NATHALIE DELON
SUSAN STRASBERG STRIPS
PROFESSOR EYSENCK ON SEXUAL SHORTCOMINGS
CHOOSE YOUR GIRL OF THE YEAR
HORROR BY H.P. LOVECRAFT

INCORPORATING **King**

AUSTRIA 60 SCH BELGIUM 70 B FRS DENMARK 10·50 KR FINLAND 5·30 FM FRANCE 8·5 N FRS GERMANY 8·5 DM HOLLAND 5·90 FL NORWAY 10·50 KR SWEDEN 8·50 KR SWITZERLAND 6·20 S FRS U.S.A. AND CANADA $1

Ladies & Gentlemen, Fifi la Jones will now bathe in a bath of Bubbly.
Don't Do it!
Casino-Sekt's too good to bath in Use ordinary bubbly!
Come up and see me some time...
SCHLOSS CÆSTRICH
CASINO SEKT
22/- Per Bottle
Recommended Retail Price.
KUPFERBERG TERRASSE
MAINZ AM RHEIN
ORIGINAL
CASINO-SEKT
MAINZER SEKTKELLEREI·MAINZ
PRODUCE OF GERMANY (MAINZ ON RHINE)
funloving Bubbly
Casino-Sekt
Sparkling Wine



This special anniversary issue is a celebration of your loyalty and your friendship. Through four years of Mayfair's remarkable and pioneering venture, it is your enthusiasm that has been the foundation of a publication that is now freely referred to as the best men's magazine in the world.

The past year has been the most successful in our history. You have made it so. This bumper issue, crammed with colour, is our thanks to you.

You'll find Nathalie Delon and Susan Strasberg, two of Europe's most controversial stars, romping naked for a screen epic.

You'll find the year's most desirable dolly from Mayfair — chosen by you — in a provocative new pictorial specially commissioned for the issue.

Then there's Lindy-Leigh, the strip-cartoon chicklet we devised this year. She's come to life, in the living flesh, for a film.

There's a memorable picture essay on the girls who have merited our centre pages in the past year. We felt, too, that no Christmas issue would be complete without a flesh-crawling horror story. We've picked one of the best from the tales of H. P. Lovecraft, who is now becoming a fantastic vogue among aficionados of true Gothic horror.

And there's a whole seasonal package of colour entertainment and satisfying reading. Like the true story of the Tay Bridge disaster. Like Colin Leary's send-up of space jargon. Like Quest, now in its second controversial year.

This 100-page issue is tailored for you. We trust you enjoy reading it as much as we've enjoyed preparing it.

RONALD COBB.

MAYFAIR

VOLUME 4 NUMBER 12

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

Take Two Celebrated Sisters
Delon and Strasberg in a naked romp/page 55

The Permissive Puritans
Professor H. J. Eysenck on sexual behaviour/page 36

Oh, What A Lovely Weed
Tobacco once sold on patriotism
Howard Fox/page 44

I Can Do It Blue
I was hero of the school loo: *Emrys Bryson*/page 86

GIRLS

Mayfair's Girl of the Year
Caroline takes top honours of the year: *David Bartlett*/page 46

Scrumptious Sally
Sally's alley is a sensual place to be: *John Adams*/page 67

Lindy-Leigh Comes To Life
Mayfair's strip-cartoon dolly stars on screen/page 12

Mayfair's Memorable Girls
A reminiscent full-colour round-up of the first eleven/page 28

Viva Lindy!
The latest adventure of the sexy cartoon spylet: *Maz*/page 97

HUMOUR

The Lunar Love Language
How the astronauts get up there: *Colin Leary*/page 71

Her Breath Came in Ski Pants
A sexy slide down the slopes: *Edward Knox*/page 40

Santa Rides Again
The hard day's Christmas night: *Roy Raymonde*/page 19

Gentlemen, That Reminds Me
A selection of round-the-table tales/page 88

INFORMERS

The Train That Disappeared
Death on the Tay Bridge: *Ronald Ransom*/page 14

The Secret of Alfa Romeo
How Milan makes mystical motors: *WB*/page 60

Quest
The laboratory of human response on first meetings/page 75

FICTION

From Beyond
Evil beings invaded his attic: *H. P. Lovecraft*/page 8

Nostalgia Night
She slipped into bed so naturally: *Mervyn Price*/page 64

FASHION

The Evening Wear's On
Morning-after gear: *John Adams, Erica Crome*/page 52

READER SERVICES

Letters/page 18
Clubs/page 92

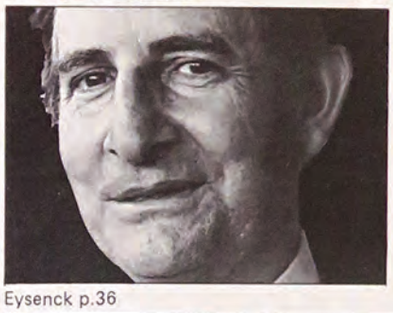
CRITICS

Books: *Arthur Pottersman*
Films: *David Quinlan*
Nightlife: *Kenneth Dowd*/page 22

Tay Bridge disaster p.14

Two loving sisters p.55

Astronaughties p.71



Eysenck p.36

Allure of Alfas p.60

Editor **Kenneth Bound**/Deputy Editor **Graham Masterton**/ Art Director **Jim Bunker**/Photography **John Adams**/Fashion **Erica Crome**/Books **Arthur Pottersman**/Clubs **Kenneth Dowd**/Films **David Quinlan**/ Reader's Service **Pat Asquith**/ Advertisement Director **Brian W. Giddings**/Published by the Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2 (01-242 1593)/Distributed by Transworld Circulation Company, Bashley Road, NW 10/Distributed in USA and Canada by Acme News Co. Inc., 140 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, February 1970/ Originated by Moorgate Lithoplates Ltd./ Printed by Beric Press Ltd., Crawley, Sussex, England/**Fiction:** All characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** Although every care will be taken of material submitted for publication, Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit, or elsewhere/Contents copyright © Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd/ ABC **net paid circulation 93,601.**

SCENE

Mayfair's interviews have always been distinguished by their incisive property of getting straight to the nub of today's most relevant and important issues.

Generally we're not interested in talking to show-business personalities and entertainers. What they have to say is often nothing more than the fashionable fiction of the day, and you can read their outpourings anywhere.

We find and talk to men who have in their hands the ability to change all our lives, for better or worse. Like John Trevelyan, the film censor, or Sir William Lyons, the car manufacturer. In this issue we talk to Professor H. J. Eysenck, the most controversial and significant psychologist working in Britain. Eysenck's voice is an isolated voice of reality in a Babel of do-it-yourself psychology. While others rush to pontificate on sexual problems, Eysenck frankly admits that the information to give such advice is non-existent.

He himself has worked all his life to provide such information. He is currently engaged on a 120-question sexual survey which will lay down a basic foundation for deep and extensive study of this country's sexual character.

Eysenck's work could revolutionise the whole structure of marriage guidance and psychoanalysis, yet in practice there is very little hope of it ever being adequately completed or applied.

Quite apart from the hostility of the existing marriage guidance structure towards innovations of the kind that Professor Eysenck proposes, there is hardly any money forthcoming from Government level for the provision of suitable research facilities. We do not necessarily endorse the opinions of the men we interview. Sometimes we interview men because their views are ones that we could never personally accept.

But we strongly feel that Eysenck's work is a long-term investment for future social stability that must not be ignored. Until that is done, official advice to people with sexual problems will remain haphazard, opinionated – and worst of all, useless.

Ingrid in an antique frame: making an art exhibition of herself

They may not like art in Frankfurt, but they know what they like. At a recent exhibition of photographs and drawings, the most popular display was an antique frame full of Ingrid. She was distinct from the other exhibits in that she was nude, and for real. She gave bemused Frankfurters a three-dimensional portrait that made all the other pictures look distinctly second-hand.

The introduction of nudes into exhibitions is a growing practice in Germany. Earlier this year we reported the use of a topless beat group to boost an arts gathering. And the mood seems to be spreading to England, with the Motor Show taking first place as the most undressed show around.

The nude mood is certainly not exploited to the bounds of its possibilities, however. How about a crowd-pulling Nude Typing Contest at the Business Efficiency Exhibition? Or a do-it-yourself stand at the Do-It-Yourself?

And as for the Ideal Home . . . We rather think you know how we'd furnish that.

You owe it to Napoleon Bonaparte that you can splash yourself with cologne instead of having to drink it.

Farina Gegenüber, the world's oldest cologne makers, explain that their founder Johann Farina originally marketed his cologne in 1709 as a medicine, good for 'apoplexy, tremors and gout in the feet'.

But when Napoleon rose to power, he ordered that all medicinal formulae should be made public. To avoid revealing their closely guarded recipe, Farina's called their medicine 'toilet-water'.

There are still only two people who know how to mix the original formula.

Farina Gegenüber are now marketing their toiletry range in Britain, through the House of Ian, which is opening new showrooms for the purpose at 'Escalade', a new arcade in London's Brompton Road.

It's not often we recommend anyone's toiletries, but in this case we're only jumping on an eminent bandwagon. Fourteen crowned heads of Europe used Farina Gegenüber. So there, Napoleon Bonaparte.

In this ding-a-ling season we were delighted to discover the worldly wisdom of Ringing World, official journal of the Central Council of Church Bellringers. It would appear that the girl ringers have been brightening up the belfry by turning up in minis.

'The fashion for mini-dresses produces strange sights hitherto unseen in modest belfries. To all ringers who wear mini-dresses, please have a trial pull at home in front of the mirror.' Hey, ting-a-ling.

On this pleasant subject we in turn can tell Ringing World that in this swinging world you don't have to go to the belfry. Strolling along the South Bank river-walk the other day, we watched the approach of a lithe blonde who qualified for the short mini stakes – about four inches of pelmet, although she was wearing a sweater over the top that made her dress look shorter still.

Then, as she neared us, she went through a very natural unthinking female gesture: she patted her hair. Into view popped a pert triangle of pantied crotch. Raising her arm had been enough to lift her dress hem above the loading line. Hey, ding dong.

We rarely approve of fads. We might be accused of being unfashionable, but we believe there are more solidly enjoyable things in life than pursuing the ephemeral trends of groovy society.

One fashion, though, we do like. It's the new recognition being given to the horror writer H. P. Lovecraft, who spent most of his writing life in comparative obscurity, weaving his fascinating epics of Gothic fright for the readers of America's *Weird Tales* magazine in the thirties.

Lovecraft devised a whole macabre mythology of his own.

'All my stories,' he said, 'are based on the fundamental lore or legend that this world was at one time inhabited by another race who, in practising black magic, lost their foothold and were expelled, yet live on outside, ever ready to take possession of the earth again.'

In this issue, we publish one of Lovecraft's most characterful tales of horror, in which that primeval race once again strives to win the battle for men's minds. Now read on . . .

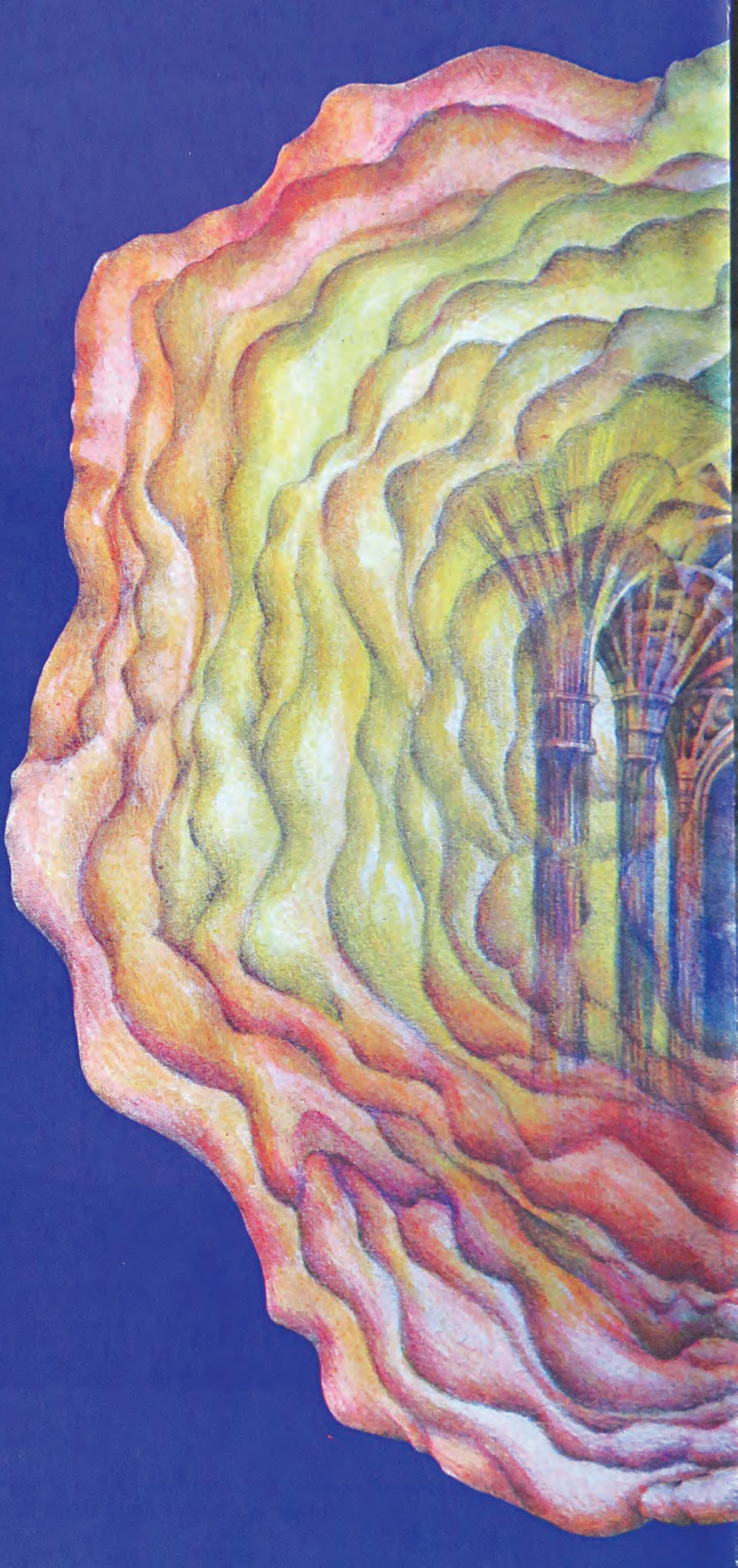
give her adagio by fiona sands

perfume 29/6 and 16/6. fragrant mist 21/-. day fragrance 16/6. cream perfume 16/6. skin perfume 12/6. talc 8/6.
fiona sands 2 old bond street london

FROM BEYOND

Horror fiction
by H. P. Lovecraft

You don't believe that plasmic beings can slide into the world through this vaulted door. Nor, in danger of madness, did I



Horrible beyond conception was the change which had taken place in my best friend, Crawford Tillinghast. I had not seen him since that day, two months and a half before, when he told me toward what goal his physical and metaphysical researches were leading; when he had answered my awed and almost frightened remonstrances by driving me from his laboratory and his house in a burst of fanatical rage, I had known that he now remained mostly shut in the attic laboratory with that accursed electrical machine, eating little and excluding even the servants, but I had not thought that a brief period of ten weeks could so alter and disfigure any human creature. It is not pleasant to see a stout man suddenly grown thin, and it is even worse when the baggy skin becomes yellowed or greyed, the eyes sunken, circled, and uncannily glowing, the forehead veined and corrugated, and the hands tremulous and twitching. And if added to this there be a repellent unkemptness, a wild disorder of dress, a bushiness of dark hair white at the roots, and an unchecked growth of white beard on a face once clean-shaven, the cumulative effect is quite shocking. But such was the aspect of Crawford Tillinghast on the night his half coherent message brought me to his doors after my weeks of exile; such was the spectre that trembled as it admitted me, candle in hand, and glanced furtively over its shoulder as if fearful of unseen things in the ancient, lonely house set back from Benevolent Street.

That Crawford Tillinghast should ever have studied science and philosophy was a mistake. These things should be left to the frigid and impersonal investigator for they offer two equally tragic alternatives to the man of feeling and action; despair, if he fail in his quest, and terrors unutterable and unimaginable if he succeed. Tillinghast had once been the prey of failure, solitary

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE UNDERWOOD

and melancholy; but now I knew, with nauseating fears of my own, that he was the prey of success. I had indeed warned him ten weeks before, when he burst forth with his tale of what he felt himself about to discover. He had been flushed and excited then, talking in a high and unnatural, though always pedantic, voice.

'What do we know,' he had said, 'of the world and the universe about us? Our means of receiving impressions are absurdly few, and our notions of surrounding objects infinitely narrow. We see things only as we are constructed to see them, and can gain no idea of their absolute nature. With five feeble senses we pretend to comprehend the boundlessly complex cosmos, yet other beings with a wider, stronger, or different range of senses might not only see very differently the things we see, but might see and study whole worlds of matter, energy, and life which lie close at hand yet can never be detected with the senses we have. I have always believed that such strange, inaccessible worlds exist at our very elbows, *and now I believe I have found a way to break down the barriers.* I am not joking. Within twenty-four hours that machine near the table will generate waves acting on unrecognized sense-organs that exist in us as atrophied or rudimentary vestiges. Those waves will open up to us many vistas unknown to man, and several unknown to anything we consider organic life. We shall see that at which dogs howl in the dark, and that at which cats prick up their ears after midnight. We shall see these things, and other things which no breathing creature has yet seen. We shall overleap time, space, and dimensions, and without bodily motion peer to the bottom of creation.'

When Tillinghast said these things I remonstrated, for I knew him well enough to be frightened rather than amused; but he was a fanatic, and drove me from the house. Now he was no less a fanatic, but his desire to speak had conquered his resentment, and he had written me imperatively in a hand I could scarcely recognize. As I entered the abode of the friend so suddenly metamorphosed to a shivering gargoyle, I became infected with the terror which seemed stalking in all the shadows. The words and beliefs expressed ten weeks before seemed bodied forth in the darkness beyond the small circle of candle light, and I sickened at the hollow, altered voice of my host. I wished the servants were about, and did not like it when he said they had all left three days previously. It seemed strange that old Gregory, at least, should desert his master without telling as tried a friend as I. It was he who had given me all the information I had of Tillinghast after I was repulsed in rage.

Yet I soon subordinated all my fears to my growing curiosity and fascination. Just what Crawford Tillinghast now wished of me I could only guess, but that he had some stupendous secret or discovery to impart, I could not doubt. Before I had protested at his unnatural pryings into the unthinkable; now that he had evidently succeeded to some degree I almost shared his spirit, terrible though the cost of

victory appeared. Up through the dark emptiness of the house I followed the bobbing candle in the hand of this shaking parody of man. The electricity seemed to be turned off, and when I asked my guide he said it was for a definite reason.

'It would be too much . . . I would not dare,' he continued to mutter. I especially noted his new habit of muttering, for it was not like him to talk to himself. We entered the laboratory in the attic, and I observed that detestable electrical machine, glowing with a sickly, sinister violet luminosity. It was connected with a powerful chemical battery, but seemed to be receiving no current; for I recalled that in its experimental stage it had sputtered and purred when in action. In reply to my question Tillinghast mumbled that this permanent glow was not electrical in any sense that I could understand.

He now seated me near the machine, so that it was on my right, and turned a switch somewhere below the crowning cluster of glass bulbs. The usual sputtering began, turned to a whine, and terminated in a drone so soft as to suggest a return to silence. Meanwhile the luminosity increased, waned again, then assumed a pale, outré colour or blend of colours which I could neither place nor describe. Tillinghast had been watching me, and noted my puzzled expression.

'Do you know what that is?' he whispered, '*that is ultra-violet*.' He chuckled oddly at my surprise. 'You thought ultra-violet was invisible, and so it is – but you can see that and many other invisible things *now*.'

'Listen to me! The waves from that thing are waking a thousand sleeping senses in us; senses which we inherit from aeons of evolution from the state of detached electrons to the state of organic humanity. I have seen the *truth*, and I intend to show it to you. Do you wonder how it will seem? I will tell you.' Here Tillinghast seated himself directly opposite me, blowing out his candle and staring hideously into my eyes. 'Your existing sense-organs – ears first, I think – will pick up many of the impressions, for they are closely connected with the dormant organs. Then there will be others. You have heard of the pineal gland? I laugh at the shallow endocrinologist, fellow-dupe and fellow-parvenu of the Freudian. That gland is the great sense organ of organs – *I have found out*. It is like sight in the end, and transmits visual pictures to the brain. If you are normal, that is the way you ought to get most of it . . . I mean get most of the evidence *from beyond*.'

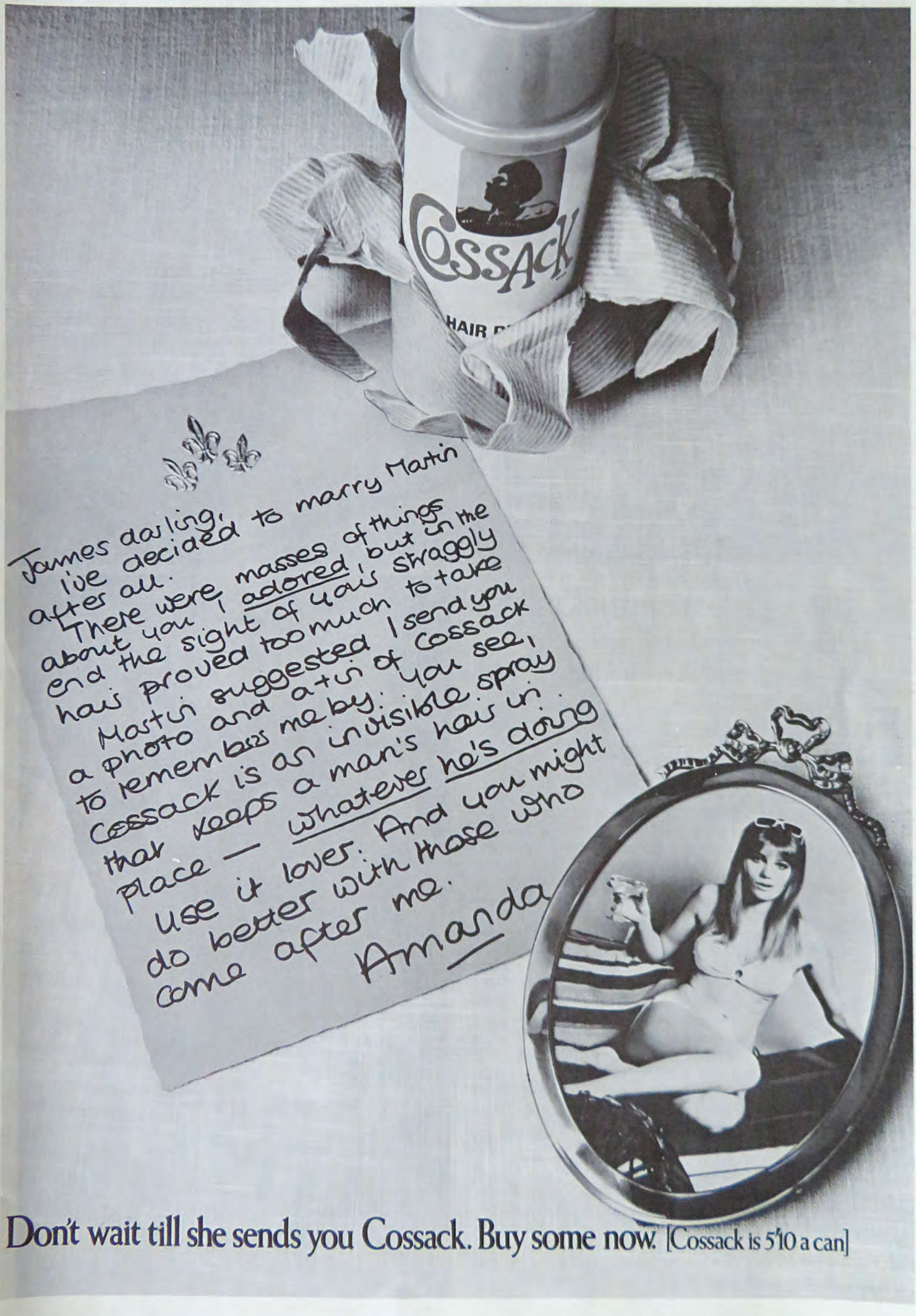
I looked about the immense attic room with the sloping south wall, dimly lit by rays which the every-day eye cannot see. The far corners were all shadows, and the whole place took on a hazy unreality which obscured its nature and invited the imagination to symbolism and phantasm. During the interval that Tillinghast was silent I fancied myself in some vast incredible temple of long-dead gods; some vague edifice of innumberable black stone columns reaching up from the floor of damp slabs to a cloudy height beyond the range of my vision. The picture was very vivid for a while, but gradually gave way to a more horrible conception; that of utter, absolute solitude in infinite, sightless, soundless space. There seemed to be a void, and nothing more, and I felt a childish fear which prompted me to draw from my hip pocket the revolver I always carried after dark since the night I was held up in East Providence. Then, from the farthermost regions of remoteness, the *sound* softly glided into existence. It was infinitely faint, subtly vibrant, and unmistakably musical, but held a quality of surpassing wildness which made its impact feel like a delicate torture of my whole body. I felt sensations like those one feels when accidentally scratching ground glass. Simultaneously there developed something like a cold draught, which apparently swept past me from the direction of the distant sound. As I waited breathlessly I perceived that both sound and wind were increasing; the effect being to give me an odd notion of myself as tied to a pair of rails in the path of a gigantic approaching locomotive. I began to speak to Tillinghast, and as I did so all the unusual impressions abruptly vanished. I saw only the man, the glowing machines, and the dim apartment. Tillinghast was grinning repulsively at the revolver which I had almost unconsciously drawn, but from his expression I was sure he had seen and heard as much as I, if not a great deal more. I whispered what I had experienced and he bade me to remain as quiet and receptive as possible.

'Don't move,' he cautioned, 'for in these rays *we are able to be seen as well as to see*. I told you the servants left, but I didn't tell you *how*. It was that thick-witted housekeeper – she turned on the lights downstairs after I had warned her not to, and the wires picked up sympathetic vibrations. It must have been frightful – I could hear the screams up here in spite of all I was seeing and hearing from another direction, and later it was rather awful to find those empty heaps of clothes around the house. Mrs. Updicke's clothes were close to the front hall switch – that's how I know she did it. It got them all. But so long as we don't move we're fairly safe. Remember we're dealing with a hideous world in which we are practically helpless . . . *Keep still!*'

The combined shock of the revelation and of the abrupt command gave me a kind of paralysis, and in my terror my mind again opened to the impressions coming from what Tillinghast called '*beyond*'. I was now in a vortex of sound and motion, with confused pictures before my eyes. I saw the blurred outlines of the room, but from some point in space there seemed to be pouring a seething column of unrecognizable shapes or clouds, penetrating the solid roof at a point ahead and to the right of me. Then I glimpsed the temple-like effect again, but this time the pillars reached up into an aerial ocean of light, which sent down one blinding beam along the path of the cloudy column I had seen before. After that the

turn to page 95

'I'm giving you till sundown tomorrow to get outa town . . .'


COSSACK
James darling,
I've decided to marry Martin
after all.
There were masses of things
about you I adored but in the
end the sight of your straggly
hair proved too much to take
Martin suggested I send you
a photo and a tin of Cossack
to remember me by. You see,
Cossack is an invisible spray
that keeps a man's hair in
place — whatever he's doing
Use it lover. And you might
do better with those who
come after me.
Amanda

Don't wait till she sends you Cossack. Buy some now. [Cossack is 5'10 a can]

LINDY LEIGH COMES TO LIFE

PHOTOGRAPHS ON PAGE 12 AND TOP PICTURE PAGE 13 BY KEITH HAMMETT

Mayfair's cartoon-strip nymphet will soon hit your cinema screen in the living, breathing, very undressed flesh

As 1969 was born, so was Lindy-Leigh, the incorrigibly erotic spylet. She was created for us by Alfred Mazure, who had already made himself a substantial reputation in cartooning with Jane in the *Daily Mirror*.

Lindy-Leigh typified London's innocently acquiescent dolly, to whom nudity was as inevitable as shopping in King's Road.

Throughout the year, she has romped through Mayfair's hind-quarter pages in a series of unbridled espionage dramas that were guaranteed to bring tears of envy from Whitehall. (She's there again, on page 97 of this bumper issue.)

Lindy was so appropriate an archetype of today's British girls that a London film company asked to include her in a multi-sequence movie of erotic entertainment.

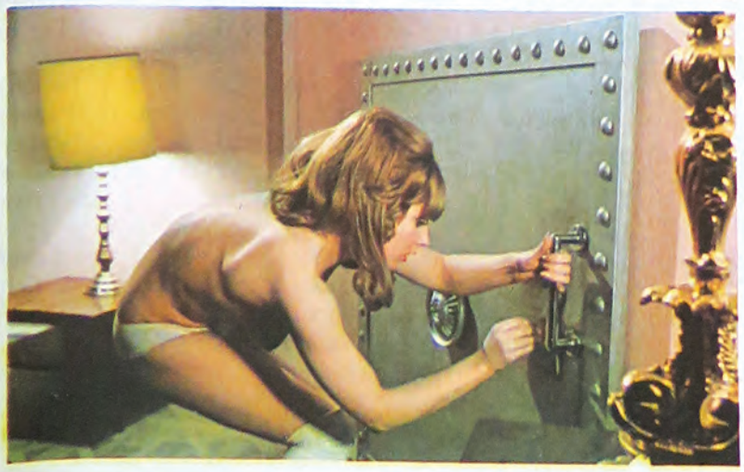
The film, as yet untitled, will appear on cinema screens in 1970 – a compendium of sexy sequences, of which the Lindy-Leigh episode is one. The film-makers based their mini-epic of Lindy on her first appearance in Mayfair. In that debut episode, Lindy is dispatched by her boss, the crusty Colonel X, to infiltrate an embassy party and sneak her way to the safe of the military attaché, where a number of vital secrets are stored.

She seduces the attaché, and manages to slip a drug into his drink, giving her the opportunity to tackle the massive safe.

Once inside, though, she discovers to her horror that the safe contains no more than all the other girl agents who have tried to outsmart the attaché in the same way.

Lindy - Leigh is played by Maria Frost, a young London model who has distinguished herself on numerous paperback covers and as the crated-up girl in the *Sunday Mirror* to illustrate the *Human Zoo* by Desmond Morris.

Opposite page: Maria Frost in her Lindy-Leigh outfit, top, and without it, below. Right: Lindy and undressed fellow-spies have a quick go-go session to limber up for film shooting. Sequence below: Lindy talks to male colleague before visiting the embassy party. Soon she is in the amorous arms of the attaché, and is able to slip him a drugged drink. She tackles the safe with a hairpin – only to find it crowded with other spies who have unsuccessfully tried the same trick before



The train that steamed into nothing

On a wild night in December, 1879, the new Tay Bridge collapsed. It killed seventy-five train passengers and one man's grandiose reputation. By Ronald Ransom

With the fall of darkness, a south-westerly gale had blown up. Occasionally, as the swiftly scudding clouds parted for a moment, a full moon shone down on to the wet, glistening metals of the railway and the white-capped waves a hundred feet below.

This night of Sunday, December 28, 1879, would be recalled in the future simply as 'the night of the great storm'.

Thomas Barclay, the signalman on duty in the cabin on the southern shore, looked out across the tossing waters of the Firth of Tay to the distant lights of Dundee, nestling below the line of the Sidlaw Hills.

Barclay could not remember a night of worse weather, even on this east coast of Scotland, nor a gale so frightening as it battered and howled round the tiny cabin until the walls shook and conversation became difficult.

Human companionship was particularly welcome on such a night, even if it was necessary to shout in order to be heard at all, and he was glad that John Watt, a foreman surface worker, had struggled for an hour against the wind in order to drop in at the signal box.

A few minutes after seven o'clock on this winter evening, the two men sat on the narrow wooden bench, sipping at a can of hot, strong tea, and listening to the increasing violence of the storm.

From the comparative comfort of the small cabin, they contemplated what it must be like in the open Firth, where the seas were being driven by the frenzy of the off-shore gale. A fine time to be on duty; and only three nights since Christmas!

At eight minutes past seven, a bell in the cabin rang suddenly. Barclay answered its call, waited for the bell-code to return, answered that, and crossed the cabin to enter in his log the normal routine record showing that the 5.20 pm train from Burntisland had been signalled.

Then he and Watt fell to discussing, in voices raised against the clamour outside, what conditions must be like out on the bridge, and then, by a natural transition, the bridge itself: the pride and triumph of the North British Railway Company.

Even now, though the bridge had been carrying traffic for a year, the half-tragic, half-comic history with which it would be for ever connected was still a good talking-point for thousands of people in Britain, and especially so for those railwaymen to whom it had become a matter of personal pride and loyalty . . .

The decision to build the bridge stemmed originally from the fierce competition between the Caledonian and the North British Companies for the lion's share of the heavy passenger and freight traffic to Scotland.

Of the two main routes to the north, that used by the Great Northern and North Eastern combination enjoyed the advantages of a shorter distance and easier gradients until it reached Scotland.

Here, where responsibility passed to the North British Company, circumstances were reversed in favour of the rival Caledonian. The North British route was cut by the estuaries of the Forth and Tay, so that passengers travelling north from Edinburgh to Dundee and Aberdeen must face two crossings in ferry-boats, involving hardships and inconveniences which were the butt of newspaper comment, parliamentary sarcasm, and the wit of every man-in-the-street humorist.

The best train of the day left Waverley station, Edinburgh, at 6.25 am. If travellers had not eaten before leaving home, they must rely on the resources of the buffet room at Waverley, where – according to the poet William Morris – the coffee was 'ineffably bad'.

The trains were poorly heated, and the fish trucks which were often attached did nothing to ease the discomforts of the journey.

The first stage by rail ended at Granton Ferry on the Firth of Forth. Once across the estuary, another train continued for a further 36 miles from Burntisland to Tayport on the southern shore of the Firth of Tay, and after a second crossing – which in winter demanded the stomach of a deep-sea sailor – a third and final train carried the weary passengers from Broughty Ferry to the terminus at Dundee.

As the moon came through the clouds, they coul

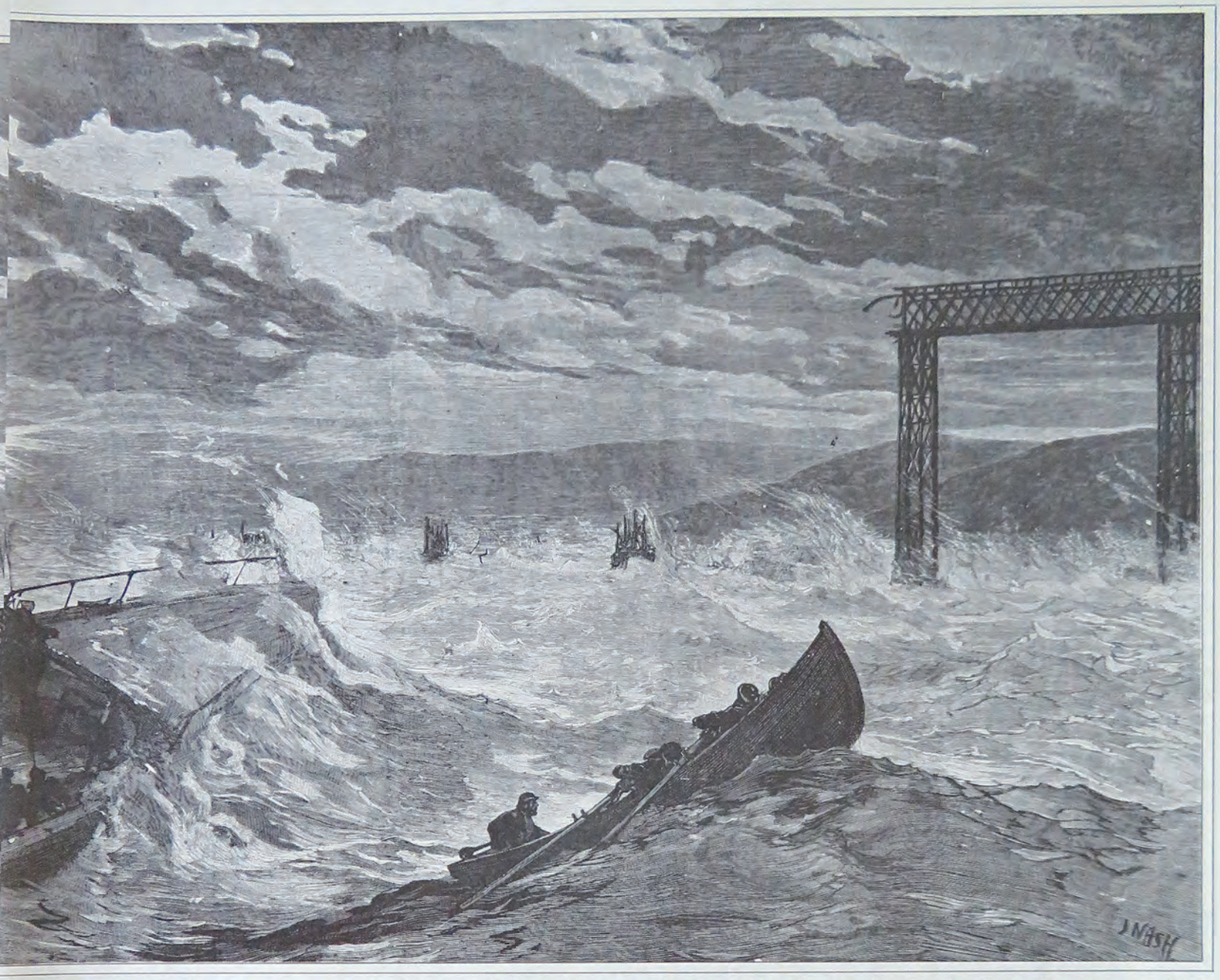
A journey of 46 miles, scheduled to take 3 hours 12 minutes, was an ignominious answer to the challenge of the Caledonian east-coast expresses, and it is hardly surprising to find that while the Caledonian was able to record a profit of £23,461 in a single year, the North British lost £3,009 over the same period.

Inevitably, the Directors of the North British greeted with enthusiasm the project advanced by a civil engineer, Thomas Bouch, for a fast express from Edinburgh to Dundee, crossing the Forth and Tay by bridge.

However, their efforts to put Bouch's plans into effect met with serious obstacles – lack of money, local opposition, deliberate obstruction in Parliament, and, of course, the bitter enmity of the rival Caledonian.

Booking clerks from the two Companies fought on Waverley station, and a fight between opposing gangs of platelayers ended in one man being killed.

Bouch, however, was a man of persistence, and after making a nuisance of himself by hawking around his plans, figures, calcu-



PICTURES FROM MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY

see 13 spans had collapsed. A steamer set out to search for bodies after the Tay Bridge disaster, but found only random pieces of debris

lations on stresses and strains, bricks, cement and river-borings, he enlisted the support of a Dundee solicitor, Thomas Thornton, and the interest of the local industrialists.

Eventually, on November 15, 1864, Parliamentary notice was given of a Bill to provide for the incorporation of the Tay Bridge and Dundee Union Railway Undertaking.

But Bouch's satisfaction proved to be premature.

The Bill was opposed, mainly because it was questioned whether a bridge two miles in length was a practical proposition, and once again the scheme faced apparent deadlock, until the North British took the decision to go ahead on its own.

Bouch replanned his bridge, changing its location to a spot 300 yards west of the original site, but yet again the dreams had to remain unfulfilled, for the all-important reason that the North British could not pay for it.

Even the optimistic Bouch must have felt tempted to abandon the idea altogether, but in November, 1866, the North British acquired a new Chairman.

This was John Stirling, Laird of Kippendavie and of Kippenross; a man of vision and determination, as well as unusual breeding and gentility.

Stirling, fired with enthusiasm for Bouch's ideas, carried the shareholders with him, and at last – on July 15, 1870 – the Bill received Royal Assent, and work began immediately.

The original building contract went to Messrs de Bergh and Co, but after three years was transferred to Messrs Hopkins, Gilkes and Co. of Middlesbrough, who took over at the same time much of the plant, including the foundry which had been set up at Wormit, near the southern end of the bridge. It was here that much of the ironwork was cast.

The preliminary surveys had reported a foundation of solid rock all the way across the river, but construction had not progressed far before it was found that the bed of the Firth was by no means as firm as had been supposed.

Looking back now, over a gap of nearly 100 years, it is easy to see that this was the moment when some very serious re-thinking should have taken place.

But Bouch and his associates belonged to a race and a period characterised by supreme confidence and belief in its own abilities, and in the magic of Progress – that great deity of the Industrial Revolution.

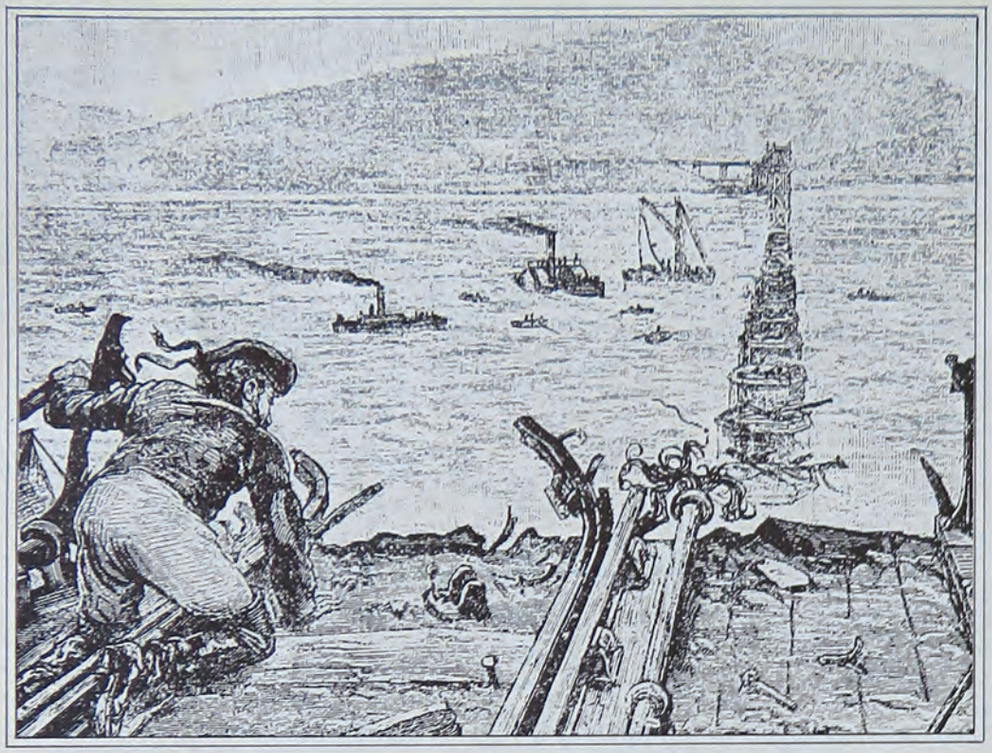
Bouch, whose original design had been for a single-line lattice girder bridge supported on brick piers, with spans of 200 feet each, made a concession to the new facts by using cast-iron columns in order to reduce the weight on the foundations.

In all other respects, however, construction went ahead in the grand manner, and the spans were actually increased in length, all but two being extended to 245 feet.

The new piers, with circular masonry bases and six cast-iron columns arranged in hexagonal pattern, were made in sections, flanged and bolted together, and filled with concrete. To the flanges of these columns were secured the lugs and cotters, while gibs were used to hold the tie-bars for cross and lateral bracing.

In order to provide the maximum clearance for shipping, the bridge was built on a rising gradient from pier 85 at the southern end as far as pier 41, and over this part the rails were laid on top of the girders.

From pier 41 to pier 28, the lower booms of the girders were level with the upper booms of the remainder of the bridge, with



A Scots engineer examines broken rails and water mains on the Tay Bridge the day after

the rails laid inside them instead of on top.

By this means, Bouch was able to provide a headway of 88 feet above high-water level at the summit of the bridge.

From here onwards, the line fell towards the northern shore, mostly at 1 in 130, with 1 in 74 over the last four spans.

Expansion joints were inserted between each of the main sections, with a fixed bearing on one pier and roller bearings on the others.

The whole project was one which must have had an inevitable appeal to Victorian Britain, with its pride in material progress and the wonders of the still-new mechanical age.

The great bridge – by far the longest in the world at that time – was completed in 1878, and Queen Victoria crossed it soon after the official opening, to the accompaniment of a salute of guns.

The Queen conferred a knighthood on the triumphant Bouch, who was already at work on a bridge which would span the Forth.

Amid the thunder of guns, the storm of cheering, and the ceremonies of celebration, it is perhaps understandable – if unfortunate – that one small warning voice should have gone unheeded.

Before the official opening, the bridge had been inspected by Major-General Hutchinson on behalf of the Board of Trade. On that occasion, six locomotives of 73 tons each were coupled together and run over the bridge at 40 mph.

'It is not desirable,' reported Hutchinson, 'that trains should run over the bridge at a high rate of speed, and I recommend that a limit of 25 mph be imposed. I should wish to have an opportunity of observing the effects of a high wind when a train of carriages is running over the bridge.'

It became the usual practice for trains to be taken over the bridge by the small Drummond 0–4–2 tank engines, but other and heavier locomotives were sometimes employed.

Furthermore, the drivers of the North British were a tough, highly skilled bunch, imbued with that fierce sense of pride in the Company which characterised the railwaymen of the pre-nationalisation era, and in spite of the General's recommendation, the steep northern descent was usually taken at high speed – so much so that some passengers were sufficiently frightened to refuse to cross the bridge in the 'down' direction.

Like most of his contemporaries, Bouch was a religious man. One wonders whether he had pondered the Biblical warnings on the subject of pride. Or, more pertinently, the story of the house built upon sand . . .

At twelve minutes past seven on that December night, Barclay and Watt saw the glow of fire and the lighted windows of the six carriages as the approaching train slowed for the bridge.

On the single track, it was necessary for the locomotive crew to carry a metal token-staff as their authority to take the train over.

Barclay fought the gale as he stepped outside his cabin, waiting to hand over this token to the fireman as the train passed at walking pace.

On this occasion, the locomotive was No. 224, one of the two 4–4–0 inside-cylinder express engines designed by Thomas Wheatley and built in 1871.

The Drummond tank 'Ladybank', which should have worked the Sunday Mail from Dundee and back, had developed mechanical trouble and No. 224, which was a spare engine at Dundee on that day, had taken over the train.

For a few seconds, Barclay was conscious of the faces peering down at him from the carriage windows; a cheerful grin of acknowledgement from the fireman; the face of a child, nose pressed to a lighted window.

Then the train gathered speed, and Barclay returned to the welcome shelter of his cabin.

At 7.13, he signalled to the northern box: 'Train entering section', logged this action and joined Watt, who was watching the tail-lights as the train accelerated into the darkness of the bridge.

After a few seconds, Watt called suddenly: 'There's something wrong with the train!'

He described how he had seen 'a spray of sparks' from the wheels.

As both men peered into the darkness outside, they saw a glow-like flame, three small flashes, and then – after a second's interval – one huge flash.

A minute . . . two minutes . . . and then Barclay tried to call the northern box. There was no reply.

Both men immediately forced their way

turn to page 35

A view of the completed Tay Bridge from the Firth, looking up-stream. It was by far the longest bridge in Europe – two miles

Player's
GROSVENOR
Special King Size Filter

Now - King Size quality King Size length at 5/2

RECOMMENDED PRICE

Player's Grosvenor brings a new kind of excellence to King Size smoking. It's the first cigarette to offer you King Size quality at 5/2 for 20.

When you smoke Player's Grosvenor, you are smoking the very best Virginia tobaccos, blended with the skill and care for which Player's are famous. And with Grosvenor the King Size length gives you even greater smoking pleasure.

Get Player's Grosvenor Special King Size Filter. King Size quality from the House of Player's.

PK4G

Look for the slim blue and gold pack!

LETTERS

Certainly one has plenty of scope for dolly-watching, especially in the summer. Take a pretty girl for a picnic and watch her seating herself on the ground, her legs gently parted, at least for a moment, showing pretty flowered panties and enjoy looking at those thighs, irresistibly bared almost to the top while she's seated, and however she behaves, it's enjoyable.

Or watch her slide out of a car with hem riding high. Who needs a staircase? It's so easy to make a girl display what's up her skirt, whatever her own intentions, that it becomes a good pastime for odd, bored moments. So much so that one forgets that mini-skirted girls often show off their best in ways quite unpremeditated by anyone.

I was talking to a very pretty blonde at a cocktail party, who, though often virtually unkempt, was looking well-groomed in a bright blue shift dress reaching about a third of the way down her thighs. Perhaps because of the unfamiliarity of everyone there, and perhaps because her hem was higher than usual, she had a charmingly self-conscious 'hope-I-look-all-right' air.

She soon looked much better, because, suddenly tiring of standing, she plonked herself down on a low, and what turned out to be a very badly-sprung sofa. Her bottom sank unexpectedly almost to floor-level and her partly-bent legs splayed apart with her knees almost against her breasts, showing her beautifully moulded thighs spilling out and a pair of brief blue panties in full view.

M. S., Oxford (full name and address supplied)

In view of the increasing appeal of your magazine in this country, I deem it proper for me to write to you to voice the common opinion of the local readers. We strongly feel that Oriental beauties are being featured in Mayfair much too rarely.

There is an outcry here for the exclusive grace and delicate femininity of Eastern women, like Coral Lim (Vol. 4 No. 5), and all of us yearn for the day when a Chinese, Malay or Japanese sweet-young-thing claims the title of Miss Mayfair which she so rightly deserves.

We firmly believe that if you kindly consent to portray Asian girls regularly in your esteemed publication, the readership of Mayfair will grow beyond all of your most optimistic expectations. Personally, I am simply enchanted by those two Scottish delights – Antoinette Franchitte and sister Odilia (Vol. 4 No. 6). I beg you to depict both of these lovely ladies in the buff as a double treat for me and your other ardent readers who definitely share my enthusiasm.

Robert Tan Kok Seng, Jalan Bukit Bintang, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia

We've featured three Oriental girls in the past: Tiny China in Vol. 2 No. 8, Mei Shen in Vol. 3 No. 3, and Coral Lim. We always have our eyes peeled for good-looking Oriental girls, so we hope we won't disappoint you. We believe in the twain meeting, as often as possible.

Your review of *The Libertine* (Vol. 4 No. 9) raised an interesting point about equus eroticus. I personally knew of one particular case some years ago. The girl in question was a most attractive and uninhibited 19-year-old. Her boyfriends were numerous and she had no difficult relationships with any of them.

Her first experience of equus eroticus occurred while on holiday in North Wales. She and her current boyfriend were on the beach one morning prior to having a bathe. They had chosen a quiet stretch of the coast (quite a feat these days!) and decided to dabble in some 'horse-play' before going into the sea.

In the course of these proceedings, the boy tripped and fell face-first on the sand.

Deciding to take advantage of this situation, the girl jumped on his back to try and pin him down. Being the athletic type, though, the boy managed to prise himself up on to 'all fours' with the girl still sitting astride him.

The girl had never done any riding before and thought it would be something of an achievement if she could stay aboard. A very friendly and happy rivalry existed between the two, and she naturally assumed it would be a feather in her cap if she assumed the role of cowgirl and tried to tame him.

The boy agreed, thinking he could buck her off quite easily. Gripping him firmly between her thighs, she gave him a playful slap, and the rodeo started.

turn to page 90

'Perhaps if madam wore a heavier pair of shoes she wouldn't *keep falling over . . .'*

GROSVENOR GIRLS . . .

London's most beautiful and exciting Young Ladies will accompany you . . .

ANYWHERE-ANYTIME!

For an evening to remember – choose a GROSVENOR GIRL!

For details ring

MISS TAYLOR

HYDe Park 6367-8

**Also Interpreters & Guides for Tours of London and places of interest*

THE MAN WITH THE TIME-LOCK SMOKES LESS-AUTOMATICALLY

Now you don't need feats of willpower to stop that smoking habit. Lock your cigarettes away for any time you choose in Swiss-engineered black slimline case, with special time-lock device. 90s from **Mayfair Members Club, 95 Chancery Lane, London WC2**

SANTA
THE MIDNIGHT COWBOY

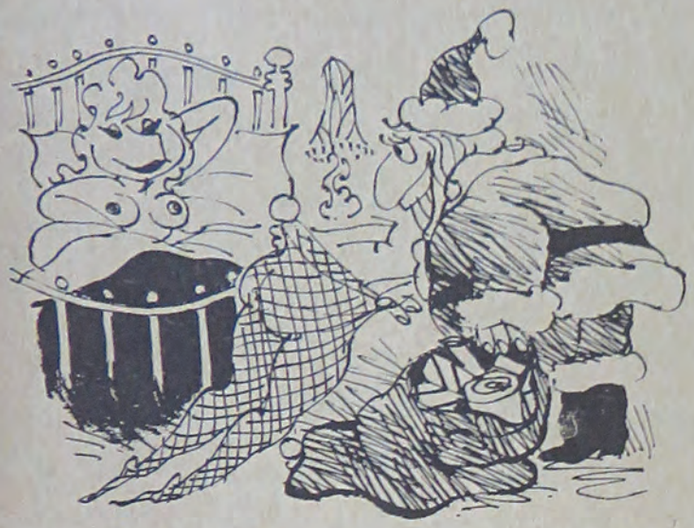
Have you ever thought that Santa Claus is the only
man in fact or fiction who has a cast-iron
excuse for being in any girl's bedroom at night?
Can't blame him if he takes advantage of it.
Roy Raymonde reveals Santa with his Claus bared

'Put something on for God's sake – I'm stuck!'

'. . . then I began to think – what does sliding down chimneys in a red suit **symbolise?***'*

'Why don't you get a motorised sled? You're always going to get like this when you have those reindeer jiggling their bottoms at you'

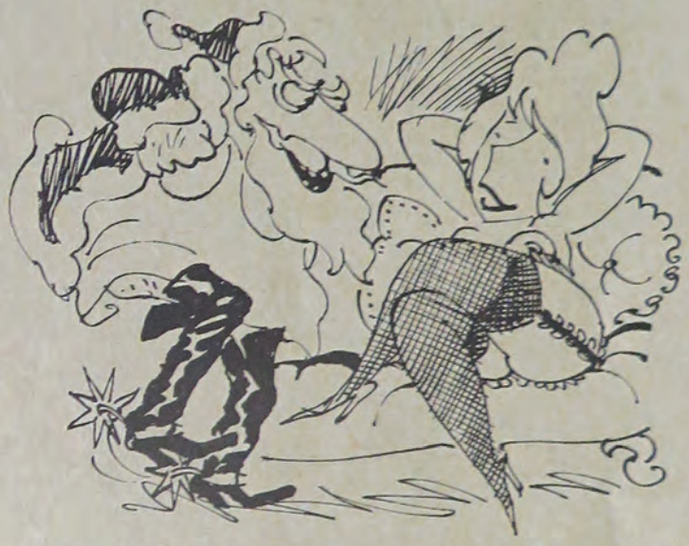
'I hope you don't mind him watching. It's his incentive bonus for toy productivity'



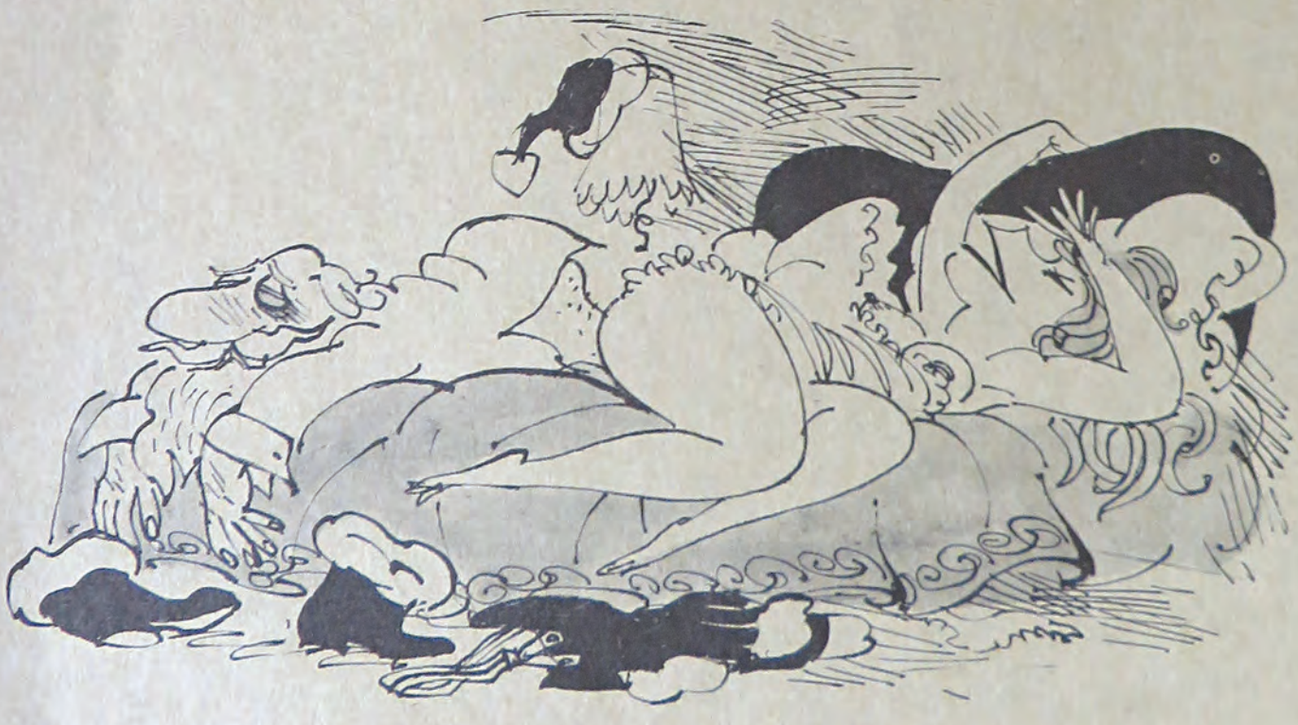
'If I give you double measure – what's in it for me?'

'I came riding over the rooftops with my sack of toys, ready to spread joy and happiness in a thousand tiny hearts; and then I thought – to hell with it'

'I know you reward the good *girls, but I don't remember anything about you punishing the* bad *ones!'*



'I don't know – somehow I always thought you wore wellingtons'



'Logically and philosophically, you can't really exist – but whatever it was I fancied I felt – I loved it!'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

His face beams askance at us with a kindly light. In fact Vladimir Nabokov, butterfly collector, wordspinner, chess enthusiast, and rather resembling everybody's uncle, is one of the literary world's hotter properties nowadays.

And hot properties are his writing speciality too. For consider his latest product: *Ada* (Weidenfeld, 42s). This tells the story of a childhood love affair between Ada and Van, who are closer than kissing cousins and ten times more incestuous. Mr N subtitles his oeuvre *'or Ardour: A Family Chronicle'*.

And if the needs of the chronicler account for some oddities of style and confusing flash-backs, then the needs of Van and Ada certainly account for the principal tone and content of this book:

Erotic sexuality.

It is no idle coincidence that Ada, a really little girl of perhaps 12 summers, wears a style of Spanish dress known as a 'lolita'. Van, who lost his virginity in the backroom of a sweet shop near his public school, is no stranger to the flesh.

The wench he had it with first, though, was very different from Ada. First time, amid the crates and sacks behind the shop, he was inexperienced enough to 'spill on the welcome mat what she would gladly have helped him to take indoors.' But at the next mating party he 'did really begin to enjoy her gentleness, her soft sweet grip and hearty joggle.'

However, 'he knew she was nothing but a fubsy pig-pink whorelet and would elbow her face away when she attempted to kiss him after he had finished and was checking with one quick hand . . . if his wallet was still in his hip pocket.'

For all this he is still innocent, or at least excitable enough to be thrilled at his little cousin, some four years his junior, pale, voluptuous, and given to nudity under her dress. At first there seemed to be an impenetrable void between them. Van had to focus 'his swollen senses' on such glimpses he caught as when she climbed the stairs before him – and he 'saw that the child was darkly flossed.'

Still he got to kiss her and to inhale the warmth of her body. He used to keep a purse full of money in his trouser pocket to camouflage the effect of stroking her nape with his lips had upon him.

Ada herself was no stranger to her own flesh either.

And when, after an afternoon of wet kisses, hot tongues exploring the inside of each other's cavernous mouth, she reached into his trouser pocket for a hanky to wipe her chin, she had tact enough to slip her hand out straight away and let Van give her the nose-rag himself.

So we need feel no surprise that when a fire in their family's big country house one night brought the young pair together on a couch in a dark room and clad only in flimsy nightclothes, Ada asked Van: 'Why do you get so fat and hard there when you –' and she belly-danced herself against him. Van showed her. 'Oh dear,' she said, as one child to another, 'It's all skinned and raw. Does it hurt?'

'Touch it quick,' he implored.

'Van, poor Van,' she said, 'yes, I'm sure it smarts, would it help if I'd touch?'

Van said, 'You bet!' And then driving himself roughly against the hem of her nightdress groaned and dissolved in a puddle of pleasure. Ah for the advantages of extreme youth!

It was but a few moments later that Ada turned to rearrange their blankets, that Van cupped her hot little slew from behind, that she turned over, 'naïvely ready to embrace him' and 'now her four limbs were frankly around him as if she had been lovemaking for years.'

That summer Ada and Van made little but love. 'To the average physiologist the energy of these two youngsters might have seemed abnormal. Their craving for each other grew unbearable if within a few hours it was not satisfied several times.'

Their real problem was the curiosity of Ada's little sister. The watchfulness of adults was easily evaded. But little Lucette was simply a pest. They would devise games of hide and seek at which to lose her, or tie her to a tree in make-believe frivolity. Somehow the brat always got loose, always seemed to be lurking behind every screen.

A certain dissatisfaction crept into Van's love-making also. As the years went by, he realised that he regretted Ada's getting even a few score of months older:

'Her breasts were pretty, pale and plump, but somehow he had preferred the little soft swellings of the earlier girl with their formless dull buds . . . One day he brought his shaving kit along and helped her to get rid of all three patches of body hair.'

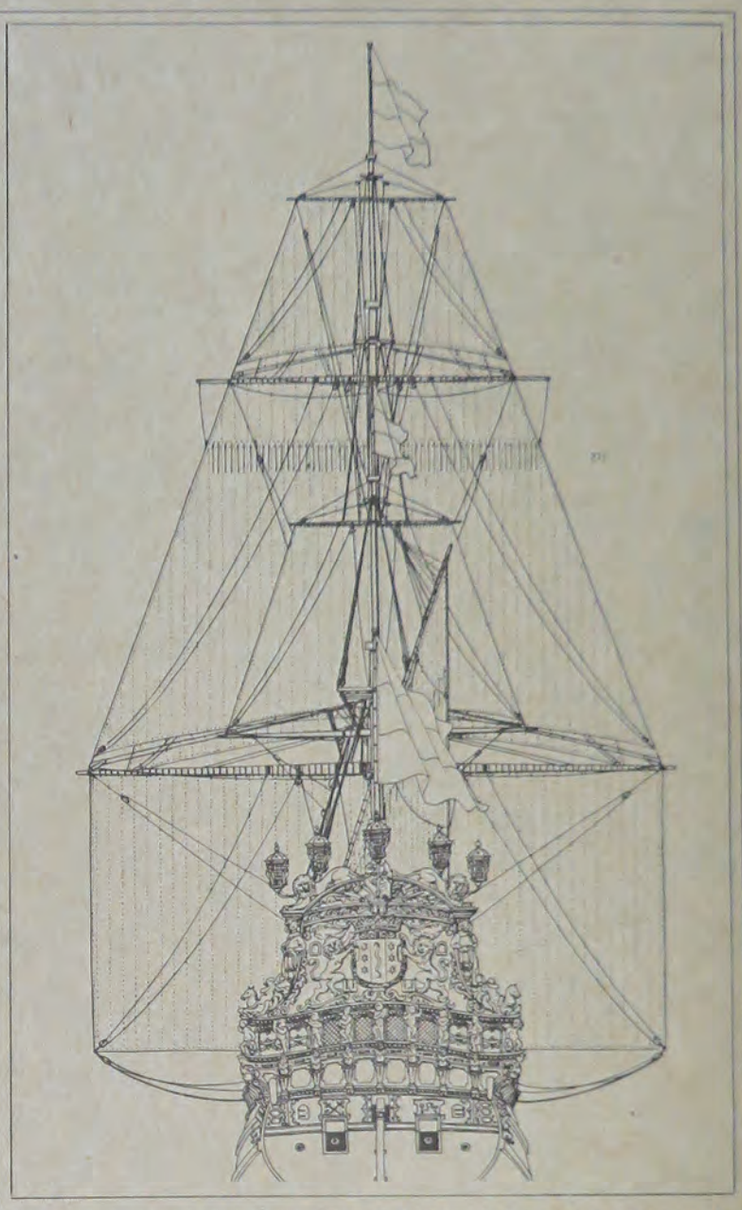
But another night, snatching a quick snatch under the greenwood tree, a childish habit paid off. Van said to Ada: 'I really think you should wear something underneath on formal occasions.' And Ada whispered back: 'At least it pays off now, doesn't it?'

It was years later that Van learned from Lucette herself the secret sorority she had formed with that oh-so-innocent Ada.

Nabokov evidently believes in his game of happy families, for shortly after this confession, he manages to get the two sisters into bed together with Van – they are in fact his two sisters by some over-the-blanket mishap of years before.

Van has come in full pride from his bath to Ada's bed, only to find nightdress-clad Lucette sitting there already. Before the younger girl can go, Ada has stripped off her flimsy negligee and six pairs of legs lie on a single bed.

Ada caresses both of them. If there is a dew drop on Lucette's cheek, it is matched by another upon her private bed of russet moss.



End-on view of a sailing-ship of 1660, showing the elaborately carved and decorated stern, and tapering topsails. One of 339 fine illustrations from 'Sailing Ships' by Björn Landström. (Allen and Unwin, 35s). If you've ever wanted to know how a ship like this was sailed, Landström explains in great and exhaustive detail

'Ten eager, evil, loving, long fingers belonging to two different young demons caress their helpless bed pet.'
After all that lot, may I leave you with this single thought: isn't it jolly convenient to be an intellectual, highbrow novelist, and not have to lurk unsung upon the shelf in the back room of one of those Soho bookshops . . .

FILMS

David Quinlan

Jennie Linden and Alan Bates between sheets for Ken Russell's 'Women in Love': a fig for your sex

The wedding, the picnic – with the guests in elegant 'twenties attire – appear idyllic enough. Peace and innocence might well reign. It's when one of the picnickers begins comparing the inside of a fig to female private parts that we know we are deep in D. H. Lawrence country.
'A small way of access,' muses Birkin (Alan Bates), inspecting the fruit, 'hidden by a thin curtain. All moist and inviting.'
With Lawrence's *Women in Love* (X), Ken Russell has not only made a film to appeal to almost all kinds of people, but put as much naked action (male and female) past the censor as we are likely to see. Lawrence lovers will drool first and applaud wildly afterwards. Serious cinemagoers will admire the exquisite colour photography – scene after scene is contrastingly but consistently beautiful to look at – and the forceful acting, especially from Oliver Reed as the cold, lonely Crich, incapable of a love which would bring colour into his power-corrupted life.
And for lovers of Sex and the Basic Urge, there's plenty of that, too. Take the Brangwen sisters whose destinies are the story's life force. Beneath their elegant, emancipated exteriors, Gudrun and Ursula are more primitive than the miners they sit with so tolerantly on public transport. Let a man utter the word Love when he's alone with one of them, and he's liable to find himself sprawling around on the ground with his clothes being torn off.
In Birkin – a deep-thinking extrovert who believes a man can love both male and female partners at the same time – and Crich, the sisters seem to have found their match. Birkin is safe. For Ursula's instincts are merely animal. Crich, though incapable of accepting Birkin's philosophy of man-to-man love, by which he is attracted and scared, is in the far greater danger.
For Gudrun's veneered exterior, which seems to cover nothing more than a need for sex and a little mild excitement, in fact conceals something much more dangerous. A devil-may-care recklessness which drives her to explore sex – and everything else life has to offer – to the limit. She is as predatory as a mongoose. Every bit as deadly. And just a little mad. She will destroy everything around her. And maybe, finally, even herself.
This uncontrollable force leads her to forsake Crich and play weird, midnight games with a bi-sexual German sculptor (Vladek Sheybal), in which she dresses as Cleopatra and he as Tchaikovsky. Tragedy looms large as the story nears an end.
As well as male nude scenes – an admittedly brilliantly shot sequence in which Reed and Bates wrestle vigorously naked on a firelit floor – the censor apparently now allows (in the name of art, of course), what one might call Total Caressment. There are hands over backs, hands over breasts, hands over bottoms (not just in fleeting shot either) and hands over, well hands over pretty-well everything you can name. The only thing for would-be emulators and climbers on the sexual bandwagon is that they have to make a film as good as Ken Russell's first. Of the acting, Bates and Eleanor Bron, who is allowed to overact more than even she should, are a little disappointing. But Jennie Linden is unexpectedly good – even if her quarrel scene with Bates is the only really laughable thing in the film – and Glenda Jackson proves herself an actress capable of almost anything. The film is perhaps stolen from under all their noses, though, by Sheybal's haunting, sharply, chillingly etched study of the perverted sculptor.

NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

Over the past three or four years one quality has stood out more than any other in the character of the London restaurateur: courage.
Time and again they have been battered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer with a series of obstacles to their trade. As taking away the expense account was not enough, it was deftly followed by successive budget increases, SET and credit squeezes. The coup-de-grace was in many cases the loss of gaming facilities, and we will now finally see the withdrawal of many of the fruit-machines as the new Gaming Act comes into force.
In spite of this constant battering, the restaurateur has shown a remarkable resilience and will to survive. One can only admire the character of a man who, having been beset by these ills, sets about changing completely the style of his business, and in many cases altering his decor and whole policy of trading.
Let us look at some of the changes which have occurred lately in major London clubs and restaurants.
We have seen a particularly brave effort at **Edmundo Ros's Club**, 119 Regent Street, W1, where Hadji Kamil has introduced an entirely new format of cabaret, with a dancing line and glamour girls instead of the usual Spanish Flamenco show.
Edmundo Ros's has been renamed the **Copacabana**, and although the staff has remained

turn to page 26

The Mayfair

Our selected library of the w

A comprehensive library of modern adult reading, the Mayfair Book Society offers a wide selection of controversial works on sociology, history, art and sex. You are automatically

HISTORY

The Island Race
Selections from 'A History of the English-Speaking Peoples' by Winston S. Churchill
This magnificent 300-page book represents the ultimate in paperbacks, and a worthy introduction to the works of England's most prolific Premier, Sir Winston Churchill. Measuring 7¼ ins by 10 ins, it is printed on fine art paper, and is crammed with full-colour illustrations. 30s. plus 3s. postage and packing.

The Golden Age of Erotica
by Bernhardt J. Hurwood
Painstakingly culled from the vaults of collectors and museums, the erotic excerpts in this unique volume reveal a ribald, lusty and bawdy era that makes relishing reading. The age of erotica that this book vividly brings to light is the world of Fanny Hill, Tom Jones, rakish monks and dissolute royalty. 45s. plus 3s. postage.

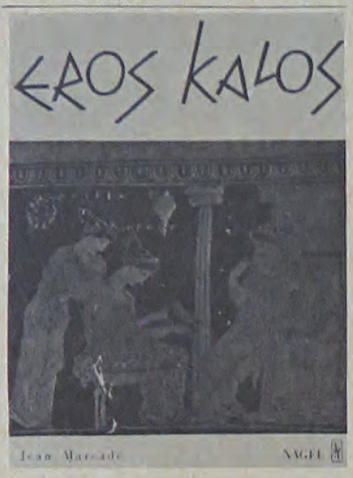
Erotic Love Through the Ages
by Sardi
Sardi throws a vivid spotlight over strange sexual customs from the Stone Age to the Victorian times in this highly digestible history. Here are authoritative studies of group and multiple marriage, compulsory incestuous marriages, the debauched Popes, and the puberty rites of backward tribes. 30s. plus 3s. postage.

The Other Victorians
by Steven Marcus
A unique analysis of the exotic subliterature that fermented far beneath the respectable veneer of Victorian society, in which Professor Marcus offers new perspectives on 19th century pornography. This book gives valuable understanding of the period. 45s. plus 4s. postage.

ART

Sarve-E Naz
by Robert Surieu
Persian erotic art is chronicled from pre-Islamic times in this rich, colour-illustrated volume. Enhanced with pictures from sculpture, tiles and tapestries, it is a prestigious and exquisitely produced artistic survey. 15 gns. including postage.

Kama Kala
The Philosophical Basis of Hindu Erotic Sculpture
by Mulk Raj Anand
The erotic sculpture of Hindu civilisation has a worldwide reputation for its lyrical and unabashed representations of conjugal love. Now, in this collectors' volume, an Indian art historian presents full documentary and photographic details of these frank and beautiful works. With full colour plates, £9 19s. 6d., including postage.



Eros Kalos
by Jean Marcade
A luxurious collectors' edition of the finest examples of Greek classical erotic art, fully illustrated with superb colour plates. From pottery, mosaic, fresco and sculpture, the author has taken remarkable pictures and explained their historic relevance. 15 gns. including postage.

HUMOUR

A Treasury of Ribaldry
by Louis Untermeyer
Gay, robust, subtle and irreverent, this is a collection of famous and little-known ribald gems from great writers through the ages. Here are 300 separate items, from 500 BC to the present day, including writers like Boccaccio, Rabelais, Robert Burns, Oscar Wilde. 16s. plus 4s. postage.

The Bachelor Chef
by Simon Tiffany
Do aphrodisiacs really work? It's a much-argued question but one point is sure. A tête-à-tête dinner in the intimate surroundings of your own pad is likely to be more rewarding than the most expensive banquet in town. This outrageously masculine book has its priorities right and recipes that really work. 30s. plus 3s. postage.

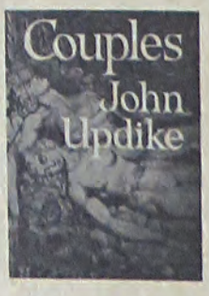
TRAVEL

Memoirs of Casanova
Four volumes of the ribald memoirs of the world's most notorious seducer. Follow his bawdy career through his 'Venetian Years', 'Eternal Quest', 'In London and Moscow', and 'Adventures in the South', all new editions of the autobiography of this celebrated libertine. Each volume 50s. (specify which you want) 3s. postage and packing.

The New London Spy
Edited by Hunter Davies
Called 'a discreet guide to the City's pleasures', this fascinating volume gives the out-of-town visitor an instant chart to the tumult of London. Learn where 'model girls' hang out, where homosexual and lesbian London meet, and how to handle them. Learn where to eat the ethnic foods of Italy, Poland and France. 30s. plus 3s. postage.

FICTION

Mr Madam
Confessions of a Male Madam
by Kenneth Marlowe
Kenneth Marlowe was 'Mr Madam' queen of a beehive of pretty little homosexual slaves who brought in the honey by submitting to the erotic demands of an exclusive Hollywood clientele. In this candid autobiography, Marlowe describes in detail his experience with men. 42s. plus 3s. postage.



Couples
by John Updike
This best-selling exposé of an out-of-the-way New England township brings in ritual games, illicit relationships, and sexual betrayals. 'His celebration of the female body is often glorious and cleansing; and his treatment of the sexual is sometimes delicate and deeply touching.' 30s. plus 3s. postage.

Last Exit to Brooklyn
by Hubert Selby Jnr.
It needs no words from us beyond saying that this is the post-trial edition, complete and unexpurgated. This book about which so many words have been written, so many arguments sustained in that it has been a fit subject for both the House of Commons and the High Courts of Justice. Yet so few have been allowed to read it. Now you can make up your own mind about it. 42s. plus 4s. postage.

The Naked Lunch
by William Burroughs
Mayfair's regular contributor has been called 'the only American novelist living today who may conceivably be possessed by genius'. This famous novel is the medium used by Burroughs to lead his reader through a strange nightmarish world. 42s. plus 3s. postage.

The Before Midnight Scholar
by Li Yu
This Chinese classic, written in 1640, is an exotic and erotic account of a long series of seductions undertaken with relish and enthusiasm by the 'scholar', a young man bent on learning all the variations in the art of love. 42s. plus 4s. postage.

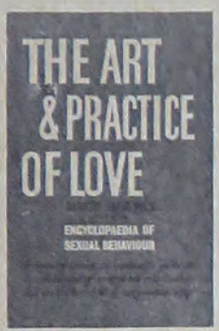
SEXOLOGY

The Power to Love
by Edwin W. Hirsch MD
Lack of a true understanding of sexual activity often causes unnecessary problems, and the author of this vigorous and down-to-earth treatise sets out to break down the barriers that are caused purely by misunderstandings and incomplete physical knowledge. 30s. plus 3s. postage.

Book Society

orld's most avant-garde books

enrolled as a member when you place your first order for books. Subscribers and members of the Members Club receive books post free. (See the Club coupon on page 92 of this issue.)



The Art and Practice of Love
by Albert Ellis, PhD
The author of the Encyclopaedia of Sexual Behaviour insists that exciting and creative sex relationships are our birthright, and in this comprehensive guide, he explains how they can be attained. He leaves no technique – from retarding orgasm to special manipulation – unexplored. This is a lucid, frank and completely comprehensive handbook to sexual love, 37s. 6d. plus 3s. postage.

Sexual Pleasure in Marriage
by Jerome and Julia Rainer
Containing a unique encyclopaedia of sex guidance and information, this practical book sets out the sensible ways to gain sexual satisfaction throughout all the years of marriage. It discusses the sexual sophistication of the husband, and the myth of female passiveness. 30s. plus 3s. postage.

Sex in Society
by Alex Comfort, MA, MB, DSc
Dr Comfort boldly calls sexual intercourse 'the healthiest and most important human sport.' In this famous volume, he evaluates the importance of sex in today's society, with important assessments of sexuality and the law. 21s. plus 3s. postage.

Sex and the Married Woman
by Dr Eustace Chesser
In straightforward, unequivocal terms Dr Chesser meets the questions that affect the sex lives of married women, their husbands and lovers. Should a woman be a virgin when she marries? How do women react to pornography? This perspicacious and engaging book is as important to men's understanding of women as it is to women themselves. 30s. plus 3s. postage.

Sexual Response in Women
by Drs Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen with a foreword by Simone de Beauvoir
Two distinguished American psychologists and sociologists in this justly famous and often-quoted book explore new avenues of sexual enlightenment. A mine of information to every inquiring adult. One chapter alone 'Are women 'Touch Animals'?' has been the signal for vast new concepts of the male-female relationship. 35s. plus 3s. postage.

A Happier Sex Life
by Dr Sha Kokken
Over 2,500,000 copies have been sold. Mayfair's exclusive offer triggered off an avalanche of orders. This international best seller talks frankly and honestly about a happier sex life. The book has a unique photographic approach to its subject, giving a comprehensive guide to positions. This book is sweeping the world because of its frank approach. Over 420 photographs and 50 drawings. 52s. 6d. post free.

An Analysis of Human Sexual Response
edited by Ruth and Edward Brecher
The extraordinary findings and possible implications of the famous Masters and Johnson research into human sexual response are interpreted and considered in non-technical language by some of the world's foremost authorities. This research dealt with the sexual responses of 600 men and women volunteers actually observed under clinical conditions. 42s. plus 3s. postage.

Games People Play
by Eric Berne MD
Fast becoming the world's most famous book on applied psychology. The publishers have seen sales overtake that of 'Lady Chatterley's Lover'. It is based on the thesis that people play 'games' in their relationships. Dr. Berne classifies 36 categories including marital games, sexual games, underworld games and the stocking game. 21s. plus 3s. postage.

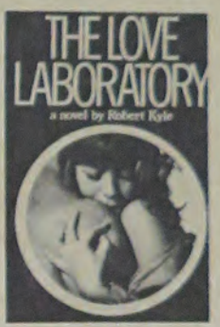
Astrology and Sex
by Gilbert Oakley
Many of us are sceptical about astrology, but this remarkable book by an astrological expert seems to give too many apt interpretations of sexual personality to be coincidental. 25s. plus 3s. postage.

Sex and the Single Man
by Albert Ellis
This frank and famous sex counsellor gives plain, and sometimes ruthless advice to unmarried men on their sexual conduct. He starts with how to meet birds and continues, candidly, with how to lay them. It is an invaluable guide to the unmarried man, and a worthwhile book for all. 36s. plus 3s. postage.

An ABZ of Love
by Inge and Stan Hegeler
The Danish publication has been called by novelist Brigid Brophy: 'The best book ever published on the subject.' It is arranged as an illustrated dictionary and tackles every subject with complete candour and freshness. No answers are evaded or meanings left unclear. At the time of publication it was considered well ahead of its time and caused much headshaking in some quarters. Today it stands unrivalled as a sexual 'inquire within'. 42s. plus 4s. postage.

Relief Without Drugs
by Ainslie Meares, MD
Today's world is full of stress and anxieties for all of us. Meares explains the problems that arise in sex and work situations, and how they can effectively be combated and relieved. 25s. plus 3s. postage.

Virginity – Pre-Nuptial Rites and Rituals
by Dr Ottaka Nemecek
A comprehensive study of virginity and the ritual of losing it. In disclosing the underlying motive behind the concepts of virginity the author describes fantastic pre-nuptial initiations. 21s. plus 3s. postage.



The Love Laboratory
by Robert Kyle
The stunning best-seller that probes the lives of men and women taking part in 'live' sexual tests in a scientific laboratory – and the doctors who risk their careers to push forward the frontiers of sex. 42s. plus 4s. postage.

SPORT

Get Fit the Champion's Way
by Brian Corrigan and Alan Morton
Fitness means being fit physically for whatever your own life requires. In this clear and helpful book, the authors describe how basic and undemanding exercises, practised with regularity and care can improve your health and your vigour. 30s. plus 3s. postage.

Golf Power in Motion
by Robert McGurn and S. A. Williams
Golf Power in Motion is the result of a twelve-year study of slow motion films of more than 70 great golf professionals. The authors analysed golfing moves, and have set them down in a clear and informative book that tells not only what to do, but how. 25s. plus 3s. postage.

Clip out this coupon and send it to: **MAYFAIR BOOK SOCIETY,** 95A Chancery Lane, London, WC2

I wish to become a member of the Mayfair Book Society. I understand this places me under no obligation whatever to purchase any specified number of books – but it will give me the advantage of priority service on the books I want. I am over the age of 21.

Please send me the following books:

.....

.....

I enclose a cheque/postal order for..... I am/am not a subscriber (delete as necessary)

Please send no books now, but place me on your mailing list.....

Name..... Address..... Date.....

.....

This coupon is for your convenience, but we shall be happy to accept orders on plain paper. Don't forget to write your name and address clearly on every order for books.

412

As Daring as they were Famous

King Magazine had famous girls in a way that nobody had seen them before. It was a brave new magazine, and the brave new girls wanted to find out what decorous self-display was all about. And they did. And so did King's readers. They got Susan Hampshire (Fleur Forsyte to you) in September, 1965. They got Anita Harris in January, 1966. They got Princess Ira von Fuerstenberg in June, 1967. They got Suzanna Leigh in December, 1967. They got Nancy Sinatra in September, 1967. And they got highly revealing glimpses of Raquel Welch (January, 1967), Barbara Bouchet (November, 1966), Daliah Lavi (December, 1966) and Scilla Gabel (October, 1966). King was alive with the sound of famous blouses unpopping. Hear that sound again. In King.

To: Miss Pat Asquith, Reader Service, 95a Chancery Lane, WC2
Please send me the following issues of King magazine at 10s each, or five for £2; 12 for £4; 23 for £7.
I enclose cheque/postal order for .....
1965: August, September, October, December
1966: January, February, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December
1967: January, February, March, April, May, June, July, September, December
Name .....
Address .....
..... Date .....

412

Nightlife

continued from page 23

constant, and indeed most members of that excellent band are still with the club, there has certainly been an interesting addition in the form of Norma Taylor. The form of Norma Taylor is the appropriate phrase too, since that delightful singer-dancer-showstopper is a recent capture from the Talk-of-the-Town. Yes, Ros's has certainly changed thanks to Hadji Kamil.

Another brave and radical change has occurred at Louis Browne's exotic **La Valbonne,** Kingly Street, W1, where the interior has been re-vamped very considerably to allow a swinging discotheque type scene. It replaces the more reserved atmosphere which Louis Browne had encouraged originally, although of course the remarkable swimming-pool on the raised dance-floor remains, as a central feature of this extravagant torch-lit club. Mind you, he keeps his after-swim go-go dancers who are so eye-riveting in their wet, clinging bikinis.

This club has always been one of my favourites for decor, and I'm sure visitors to London will appreciate the imaginative South Sea Islands atmosphere and decor, and the new policy. Congratulations, Louis, on your valour.

At the **Gargoyle Club,** the only thing that remains constant is the elderly lift which takes you from Meard Street up to the top floor of the old Nelle Gwynne building. Jimmy Jacobs has sold the club to Don Ward who has major modernization in hand, and we hear that well known piano-player Peter Maxwell will be making the club a regular home of his. It is about time that Peter Maxwell had a venue of his own, since his following is enormous and he will be of great benefit to whichever proprietor manages to secure a lien on his services. Well done, Don Ward.

We are interested to note that David Lowes has plans for the **United Hunts Club,** in Upper Grosvenor Street, off Park Lane. In fact, by the time you read this, a luxurious and extensive face-lift should have converted the United Hunts into a popular evening dining and dancing haunt.

Down in Kensington High Street, W8, policies are changing as well. At **Caravanserai,** a new mixture of the Oriental and the hippy has produced the only oriental discotheque in the world. We hear that well known entrepreneur David Shamoun, who controls the Revolution and Blazes and the Speakeasy, has taken the bull by the horns and converted the rather slow caravan into the very fast **Cumin Seed.**

Down on the Embankment, the **River Club** opposite Dolphin Square has removed the band from the restaurant, and concentrated on very high quality cuisine in the main dining-room, with the dancing and the music confined to Rick Dane's lively discotheque atmosphere in the **Limehouse** discotheque, a new departure for the hitherto reserved River Club.

Even the old established clubs in Bond Street are not averse to change, and patrons of the **Embassy Club** have been surprised to find the whole of the ground-floor premises converted into a casino room, and the club sandwiched into the small bar premises down below. We are not altogether sure whether the patrons can be delighted about this change, but obviously this is a very good move for the proprietors, who are attempting to ensure that the Certificate of Consent is obtained so that they can have a Gaming Club in Bond Street.

Across the way, at **Churchill's Club,** Harry Meadows has introduced a really swinging Latin-American band, with the latest exciting and insistent throaty brass sound.

And so it changes. Paul Raymond owning a theatre now and putting on stage shows at his newly acquired **Whitehall Theatre** . . . Al Burnett with a complete revue in his old-established **Stork Room** in Swallow Street . . . The **Blue Angel Club,** 14 Berkeley Street with a brand new decor. And well-endowed waitresses with their see-through blouses to serve you . . . And even, at the **Georgian Club,** Bury Street, St. James's, the proprietor Slim Cattan joining in his own show with a complete dance routine of his own, carefully choreographed into his mini-revue.

Yes, the club-owners are having a go, in spite of the Government's ruthless and relentless assaults on the capital's entertainment and tourist industry. Well done, club-owners, you have shown us an unexpected new quality.

Men: There's a new Pub in town.

A rousing new fragrance that stays with you.
Eau de Cologne, After-Shave and grooming essentials.
Created for men by Revlon.

THE MEMORABLE GIRLS OF MAYFAIR

These are the haunting girls. The girls who linger in your mind because they have that slow-burning way of looking at you, that lithe way of moving their bodies, that disturbing way of reaching you where you live. We chose them because, each in her own way, they made memories worth having

We found Prudence Rainsborough in an insurance office, where she arranged to cover us, and we arranged to uncover her (left). She was silky blonde and radiated a personal central heat. Her pastimes were badminton and 'battered-looking men'. Fifteen readers wrote and said they were prepared to get battered for a view of Pru Dark Nicola Blair (right), a leggy 19-year-old from London, had an equally staid career – quantity surveying. We surveyed her 35-23-35, and pronounced her frontage admirable for Mayfair's last bumper-size issue. Nicola, seen in reflective mood, was an archetype dolly of the metropolis

In spring, we visited Stockholm and found 17-year-old Brigitte Tveren, a school-age Swede with a penchant for riding motorcycles and designing her own clothes, (right, above). Already developing a sauna-heat smoulder, Brigitte was dubbed 'the best-undressed girl of the month' by appreciative readers. Sally Martin (right, below) appeared in Mayfair during her second year of teacher training; now some lucky class awaits her educational attentions. Up until the age of 14, Sally wanted to be a WREN, 'but the thought of wodging my new breasts into tight serge uniform lost its appeal'. Sally's 36-25-37 lost none, though

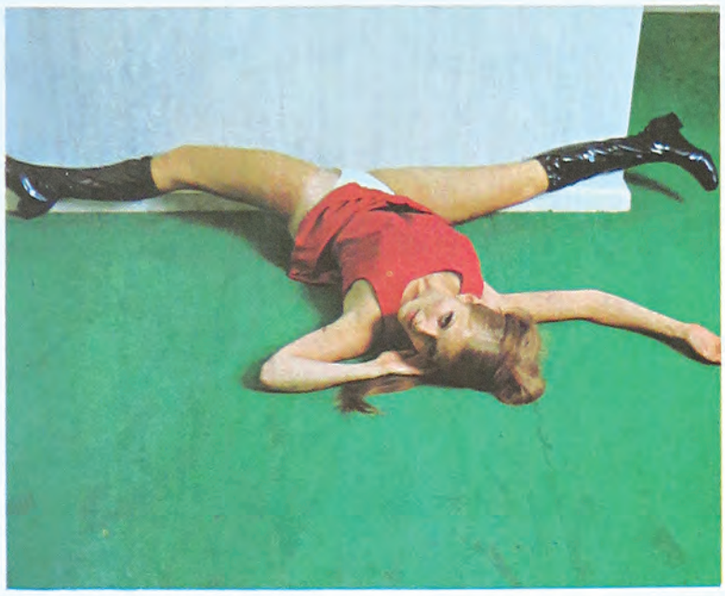
Juliet Carr was 18, and a home-decorating aficionado, though her pert breasts (left) made her wallpapering pale in comparison. Shy and self-confessedly sentimental, Juliet kept a pet dog, Toto, whom a number of readers confessed to envying. She's seen, at home, opposite

Elaine Chastel (above) we came across in Paris. She runs a keep-fit class near the Champs-Elysees, and is in tight trim herself. She was hard to pin down on camera film; while we photographed her, she went through a dizzying series of physical jerks. With men, however, she said: 'I am as weak as a tiny cat.'

Stacking a North Essex hayrick was where we encountered Nell Barker (top left). Well-stacked herself at 39-27-38, she proclaimed herself 'a country girl through and through'. Marilyn Somers (top right) was of smaller size but equally alluring proportions – 5 ft 3 in, 34-23-35. Leeds girl Margot Shepherd (left) measured 36-25-36, liked palms 'because they're sexy and jungly'.

Our Swedish expedition was crowned by the discovery of actress Gunilla Dahlman (top left). A dark-haired 38-25-37, Gunilla appeared in the spy-spoof film 'Some Girls Do', and was a runner-up in the Miss Sweden stakes. In the rainy season, we met Jennifer Fox (below left). Only 17, she was an enthusiastic young art designer, with a highly designed 35-23-35, standing 5 ft $1\frac{1}{2}$ in tall. She confessed to having once worn the plastic mac with nothing underneath – thus launching a hot new controversy on Mayfair's letter pages, lasting months

Sheila Mason (above and right) was a 20-year-old computer programmer from Dartford. Her own figures, 37-24-36, were her qualification for one of the most exciting centre-spread features in Mayfair. She told us her ambition was 'to have a lot of thrills before I get old' – and to further that end she had gone to see *Custer's Last Stand* in Cinerama. 'It was so real I hid under the seat.' Good for Custer



Then, to bring the year to a climax, there was Mara Osterman. She was a vivid young German girl with a hobby that turned her photographic session for Mayfair into a tour-de-force of Eastern athletics. Mara was a yoga expert, and could wrap herself into thigh-cracking poses with consummate ease. The formal Lotus position was her favourite: 'I could go to bed like it – it's so satisfying.' Mara was 19 years old, born in Koln, and measuring 36-24-37. After her debut in Mayfair, she hit the British magazine scene like a bombshell, but now tells us she's retired from model work to study. Here are her prime premiere pictures, for keeps

Tay Bridge Disaster
continued from page 16

against the storm, intent upon reaching the bridge; but after only twenty yards, the wind had beaten them to their knees, and fearing that they might be blown into the river far below, they retraced their steps, scrambled down the rough hillside, and made their way to the shore of the Firth.
While they were doing so, others had become uneasily aware of possible disaster.
The signalman in the north cabin, puzzled by the failure of the train to appear at his end of the bridge, tried to contact Barclay and found that communication was cut.
In the village of Newport the water supply, which was carried in pipes over the bridge from Dundee, suddenly failed. From the window of a house at Magdalen Green on the northern shore, a man named Maxwell saw the lights of the train, and then 'three separate streams of fire' falling from the bridge.
He took little notice of this, assuming that the fireman was shovelling red-hot clinker out of his fire, but the sudden disappearance of the train lights made him focus a telescope on the bridge, to discover that the main spans had gone. The training ship 'Mars' – which had fired the salute when the Queen had crossed the bridge a few months previously – was moored in the Firth. A sailor on her decks had watched the lights of the train until a particularly violent gust of wind made him turn away for a few seconds.
When he looked again, all signs of the train had vanished, though he had heard no noise other than that of the storm.
To Barclay and Watt, on the southern shore of the Firth, the full magnitude of the tragedy was revealed as the moon suddenly appeared through a gap in the clouds.
Thirteen spans were missing from the middle of the bridge, and so were the twelve iron columns which had supported them. In fact, 1060 yards of the great Tay Bridge – the pride of Victorian enterprise and skill – had vanished within the space of a few seconds, and with the huge spans had disappeared also a complete train and everyone on board.
Slowly, the reports which confirmed complete disaster began to accumulate.
Mail bags had been found on the northern shore of the Firth . . . a fisherman had salvaged a carriage ventilator and a destination board marked 'Dundee and Burntisland' . . . finally, the Tay ferry-steamer, which put out into the storm in the faint hope of recovering survivors, confirmed that from pier 28 to pier 41 all the girders were down, and water was pouring from the fractured main.
A check on the number of tickets issued showed that in addition to the train crew, a total of 75 passengers had plunged to their deaths in those few seconds after 7.13 on that December night. Nobody survived.
The subsequent inquiry unearthed a tale of miscalculation, incompetence and plain carelessness which must have provided a severe jolt to Victorian pride.
The immediate cause of the accident, it was stated, was the failure of the bracing ties and the lugs to which they were fastened. The committee of inquiry rejected the suggestion that the train had plunged into a gap already created by the storm.
Nor would it accept Bouch's own theory that the rear coaches had been blown off the rails and fouled the high girders.
Instead, the experts – Messrs Barlow, Rothery and Yolland – found that the girders had not been able to support the combined forces of the train and the gale, and that the train had, in fact, still been inside the cage of broken girders when it crashed into the river below.
But other findings were even more alarming. It was declared that the bracing ties had never been strong enough to withstand the maximum pressure which a gale might exert on a train crossing the bridge; that the defective lugs were due to bad workmanship and inadequate supervision; that the piers were a makeshift modification of a design which had assumed a rock foundation – 'a very grave mistake' – and that General Hutchinson's warnings concerning a speed restriction and the effect of high winds had been virtually ignored.
The final pronouncement, with terrible and merciless clarity, placed ultimate responsibility on the shoulders of one man.
'We find', it read, 'that the bridge was badly designed, badly constructed and badly maintained, and that its downfall was due to inherent defects in the structure which must sooner or later have brought it down. For these defects in design, construction and maintenance Sir Thomas Bouch is in our opinion mainly to blame.'
Such an indictment inevitably spelt ruin and disgrace for Bouch, to whom, in the space of a single year, the great bridge which was his brain-child had brought a knighthood, followed by utter shame and dishonour.
In spite of the guilt which undoubtedly was his, one cannot resist a feeling of sympathy for the unfortunate engineer. In fact, this classic example of human achievement and pride, swiftly cast down by the impacable forces of nature, contains all the ingredients of a Greek tragedy, and perhaps it is this which has caused the Tay Bridge disaster to remain in the public memory while more terrible accidents, involving greater loss of life, have been forgotten.
To millions of people, in all walks of life, the words 'Tay Bridge' continue to sound with a chilling ring only comparable to that created by the word *Titanic*.
Locomotive No. 224 remained on the river bed for a further three months before attempts to salvage her were begun. Mishap and threatening disaster still hovered around her, even then.
As she was being raised, a chain broke and she sank again to the bottom. Two days later, while she was being towed between two salvage craft, the chains broke again and she sank once more. Eventually, she was brought to dry land, and although the girders inside with which she had originally fallen had to some extent protected her, it says much for her design and construction that in spite of losing chimney, cab and dome-casing, and with a damaged footplate, she could be run on her own wheels to Glasgow.
Until 1907, when the famous North British 'Atlantics' took over such duties, she ran east-coast expresses, though for a time no locomotive crew would take her over the new bridge. However, on December 28, 1908 – the twenty-ninth anniversary of the disaster – she worked the same Sunday Night Mail over the Tay Bridge.
Perhaps when she did this, the ghost was laid at last.
Or are the grey-green waters of the Firth still haunted by the spectres of a train-crew, 75 passengers and a broken, disgraced civil engineer, who were all, in their various ways, the victims of 'the night of the great storm'?

'He takes after his mother'

PROFESSOR H.J. EYSENCK

More girls are virgins than you think. Britain's most explosive psychologist on the facts of permissiveness

When Professor Hans Jurgen Eysenck asked London model girls whether they were ever overpowered by sexual feelings, the Sunday papers had a field day.

They depicted him as a kind of sex-crazed psychologist, seeking to plunge young girls further into the morass of permissiveness and promiscuity.

Which was sad – or in Eysenck's own favourite dismissive word, 'absurd'.

The questionnaire to the girls was an attempt to construct a psychological inventory of reactions which would have provided some of the most helpful and valuable information on sexual behaviour ever compiled in this country.

Hans Eysenck, PhD, DSc, is Professor of Psychology at the University of London, and Director of the Psychological Department at the Institute of Psychiatry at Denmark Hill, South London.

He is 53 years old, a dry, organised man who speaks and writes with almost terrifying logic. German-born, he left his country in 1934 because he wanted to study at university and did not want to join the Hitler Youth. He obtained his degree in psychology at London University after university in France and England. Now a naturalised Briton, his voice is still distinctly German-accented.

He worked as a psychologist at the wartime Mill Hill Emergency Hospital for neurotic and shell-shocked soldiers. He has lectured in many countries, and spent some time in America as Visiting Professor at the Universities of Pennsylvania and California.

Eysenck is known mainly for his experimental research in the field of personality – of which his recent sex questionnaire is just a part.

He has written over 300 articles for technical journals, and over a dozen books – the most popular of which are *Know Your Own IQ* and *Uses and Abuses of Psychology*, both published in paperback form.

These are Eysenck's formal credits, but he represents much more than this in the world of psychology. He is a determined advocate of severe scientific rigour in the design of psychological experiments, and a withering critic of the loose theories which have become accepted as being typical of psychiatry and psychology.

Almost single-handed in this country, Eysenck is taking psychology out of the antiquated era of symbolic dreams and curious breast fixation theories, into an age when it can stand on its own as a factual and realistic science.

To make this step, he has to be critical of anyone who sets themselves up as a mender of people's minds. That means that psychoanalysts, marriage guidance counsellors and writers of sexual textbooks come directly into his line of fire.

In this exclusive Mayfair interview, he astringently describes the wilderness of psychological research today, and sets up signposts toward the provision of sexual information and advice that is clear-cut and realistic.

Mayfair: You've accused marriage guidance counsellors and writers of sexual textbooks of giving what you call 'futile and impossible advice'. What led you to form this opinion?

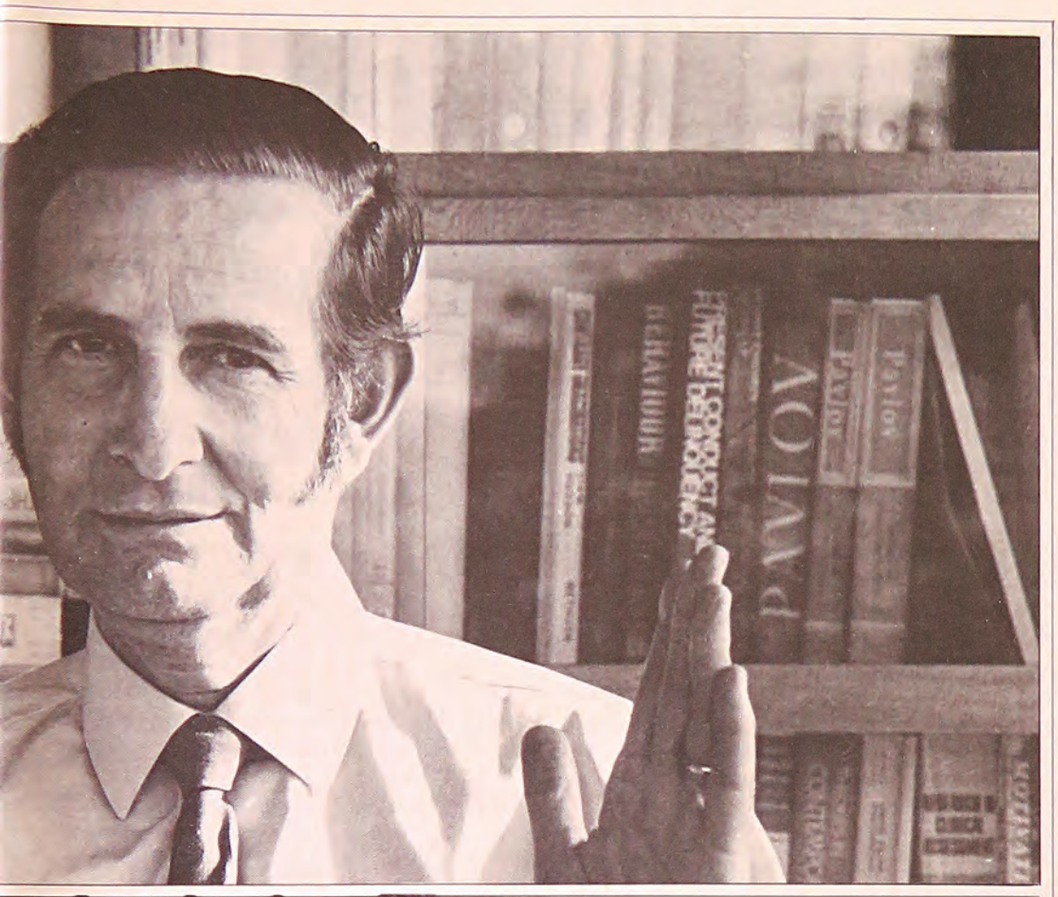
Eysenck: Most people like that work in terms of some kind of religious or philosophical or social system which tells them how people ought to behave, and then very little about what actually makes people behave in different ways. They know very little about the fact that people are inherently different in what they need, what they want, and what they can do. They usually have no training in psychology or psychiatry, and it's a kind of do-it-yourself training they get, if they get any training at all.

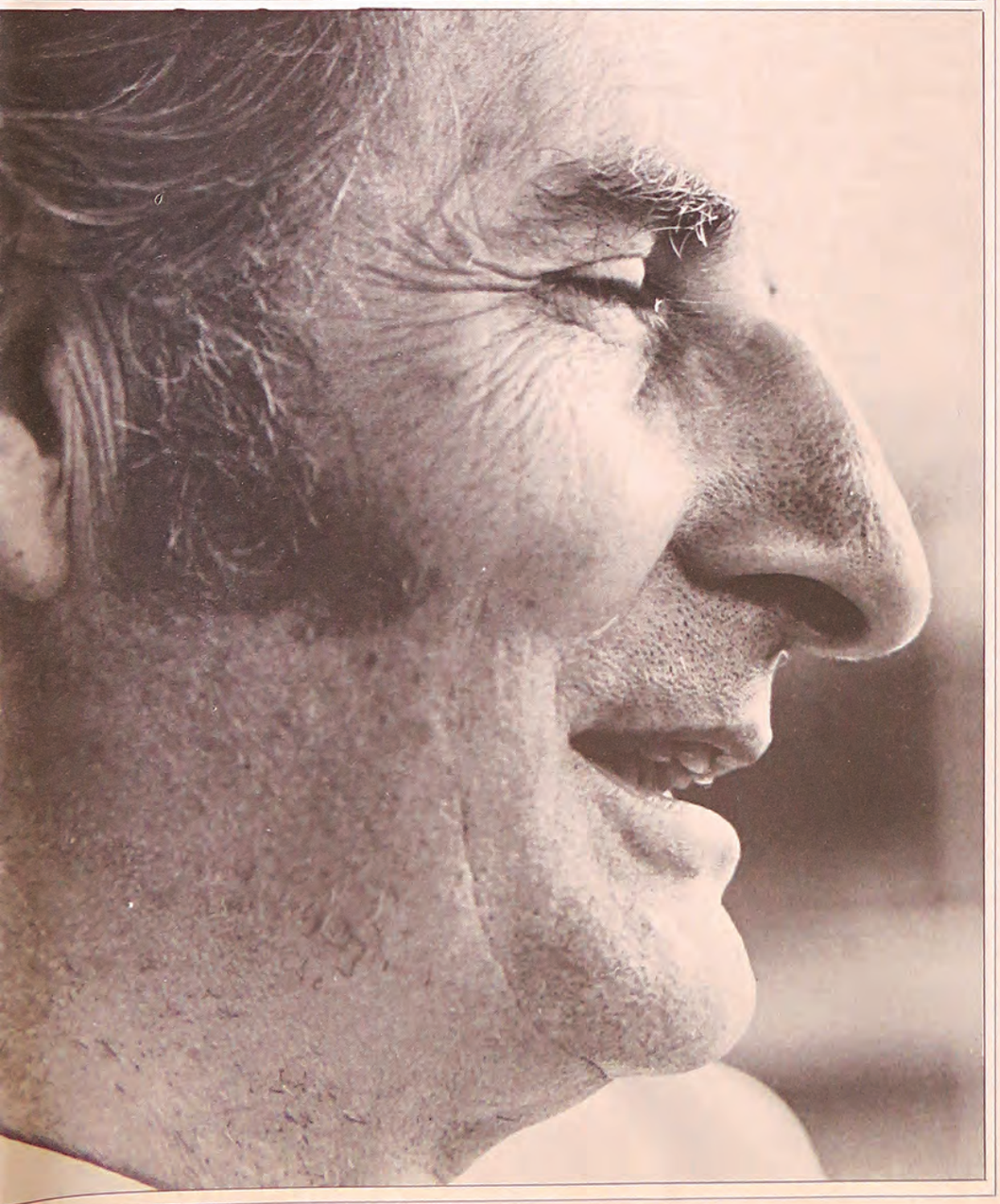
Mayfair: You consider them unqualified to give any opinion at all on their subject?

Eysenck: They've had a lot of experience, of course. Some of what they do is probably quite useful. But in many other cases, I think the kind of people they see, the kind of problems they meet are quite beyond their ken. They really don't know what they're doing.

Mayfair: What led to people like this holding the positions they do? Is it because there is a general inadequacy of sexual research and knowledge in England?

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY A GILES





Eysenck: There is very little research on sex anywhere, not just in this country, and what there is is pretty poor. So not an awful lot is known about the general population. This is one of the reasons behind the personality study I am just doing, to test out some hypotheses about what connections there are between personality and sexual behaviour and sexual attitude. Odd as it may sound after all these years post-Freud, no one's ever done this. It's quite incredible.

Mayfair: You are quite critical in some of your writings of Freudian hypothesis, which still seems to prevail in sexual psychology today.

Eysenck: Oh, yes. I am. Nevertheless, in his time he certainly was a pioneer, and he very much forwarded the notion that these things should be researched, that they shouldn't be swept under the table. There are very few scientists who lived and worked and wrote sixty years ago whose opinion now would be worth very much.

My objection to Freud is not so much to him himself, but that most of his followers seem to regard him as a kind of Messiah. They echo what he said without trying to do research on it, to improve on it.

Mayfair: So few of his hypotheses have been tested by serious research?

Eysenck: Yes, I think that's fair. Some of them are so wild and woolly they can't be tested. But nevertheless, it was a fresh breeze, and undoubtedly did a lot of good.

Mayfair: Your sex study is designed to provide some of the factual information that is lacking. How many people is it going to?

Eysenck: We have about four hundred men and four hundred women. These are all students, unmarried, between 18 and 24.

Mayfair: So you're examining a particular group?

Eysenck: A very selected group, yes. For people to fill in a questionnaire, they have to be pretty literate. For them even to agree to it they have to be fairly well educated. But with students who volunteer, and have some notion of what research is all about, and why people do that kind of thing, you're on much better ground.

Mayfair: Is it possible that the advice given by marriage guidance counsellors is actually harmful?

Eysenck: I think it's possible, yes. We have to guess really because there is just no evidence on it, one way or another. Probably most of it is the kind of advice they might get from friends, or by talking to other people, or pick up on their own.

Mayfair: Emphasis is being particularly placed by counsellors these days on pre-coital play and simultaneous orgasm. Is it right to set these up as marital panaceas?

Eysenck: No. I think people take these things too seriously. It's become almost Germanic that you must do these things in order to get this, that or the other reaction. There are tremendous individual differences in the way people react, to drugs, to drink, to anything. And so people show tremendous difference in the way they react to sexual stimulation. To imagine that everyone follows one particular line, and should

react in one particular way, an ideal way is just absurd. To impress it on everyone, so that it becomes almost a shibboleth, is ridiculous. People become self-conscious when they shouldn't become self-conscious. It's just like telling someone who's just lining up for a shot at golf that he should watch the way he holds his hand; you put him off completely. Even if you are right, and he might do it better if he did it the other way, by drawing his attention to it you destroy the whole swing of it. It's the same with sex. If you have to be taught – do this, and then that, and then this, and this is what you should feel – the whole thing becomes self-conscious and you fall over your own feet.

Mayfair: What can we replace this kind of advice with? You've suggested that the setting-up of a permanent institute into human sexual behaviour in England might be a better way of spending what little money there is available for research.

Eysenck: I'm sure of it. People feel there's such an urgent need to do something, they don't wait until the necessary knowledge is available which enables you to do it. In the Middle Ages, people wanted to transmute metals, and they paid lots of alchemists and quacks a lot of money. But it couldn't be done. The knowledge wasn't available. We can do it now, but only because we now have the basic research. It's the same in psychology and psychiatry. There are a lot of things one would like to do, but it doesn't mean they can be done. To appoint people to do them, when the necessary knowledge isn't there, is absurd. This research has to be financed, and in this country there is very little psychological research at all – compared with the States it's practically non-existent – and there is very little money going into that. Until that happens, until someone sets up research on a reasonable and large scale, we simply won't know. That's all there is to it.

Mayfair: Would such a centre bring the methods of Kinsey, and perhaps Masters-Johnson, to England?

Eysenck: Yes, they made a beginning. But to me, they sidestepped what is the most important aspect of sex, and that is the individual differences. What they do, essentially, is to draw graphs – some people have intercourse so many times a day, and some so many times a month, and most people in the middle having it twice a week, or whatever – and leave it at that. But it doesn't tell you an awful lot, because this is a standard of human behaviour, and presumably every reader falls somewhere in between. It is interesting in a general sort of way, but not terribly helpful. If you know what kind of person, and for what reason they have intercourse a lot or a little or so on, you're on the way to finding out something and applying it to a particular person. Whether a particular type of personality is likely to marry a particular type of woman, who also has a certain kind of personality. Will the two click? We'd like to know.

Mayfair: If we get something like the amount of research that is necessary, do you think that factual information – made more digestible with case histories – would replace the current form of marriage guidance?

> 'Only one in five girl students we questioned had ever had intercourse'

Eysenck: One would hope that one would gain enough knowledge to substitute something more factual to the kind of guidance that is given at the moment. But of course in the whole field of marriage, other than the sexual relationship, there has been practically nothing done in this country to tell us why some marriages are happy, why some are unhappy, and what are the causes, how are they related to personality differences. We have all these marriage brokers who get people to fill in questionnaires and advise them, but in fact they're working in the dark completely. They have no knowledge at all on which to base all this. It is purely hypothetical. It may work better than chance, but there is no evidence that it does. The same is true even when the thing is computerised. The computer doesn't make it scientific. It just makes it quicker.

Mayfair: A great and involved mythology now surrounds the orgasm. Is it possible for a woman to achieve sexual satisfaction without an apparent orgasm?

Eysenck: If you are to believe many women, the answer seems to be yes. It doesn't seem to be terribly closely related to happiness in sex. I think it has been much over-rated.

Mayfair: There has also been a great deal of controversy over the multiple orgasm. Is this a fallacy in your opinion?

Eysenck: There is not much information about that, either. One would like some physiological recordings of these things, which of course are very difficult to get.

Mayfair: Have you tried to get any yourself?

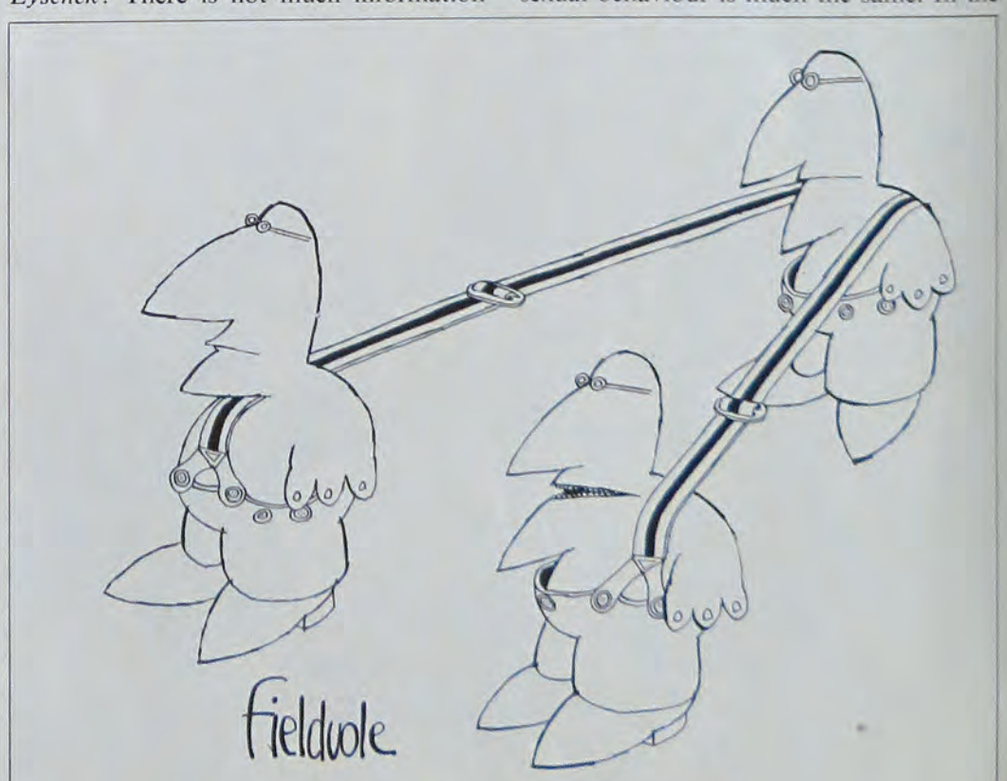
Eysenck: This is a highly specialised subject, and not along the lines of my major research, which is personality. It is a detailed problem, which probably has very little general relevance.

Mayfair: Do you think that the Masters-Johnson work on orgasm was over-rated – that it is being applied to too many irrelevant situations?

Eysenck: This was the first in its field to present physiological recordings, but what it contributed to scientific knowledge was very little. It doesn't specify the populations used properly, it doesn't specify the methods used properly, so that they can be repeated and replicated. It was very badly reviewed by the central reviewing journal in psychology *Contemporary Psychology* and I think quite rightly. It presented an innovation which could be very useful, but it would have to be done very much better than that.

Mayfair: Kinsey suggested that sexual behaviour varied between differing social groups, and that a man's sexual behaviour changes when he moves from one group to another. Does this mean that sex is conditioned by current environment rather than by childhood experience?

Eysenck: This is one of those things one would like to know about. In this country certainly the only study I know is Michael Schofield's *The Sexual Behaviour of Young People*, and he doesn't suggest any great differences between social groups. These are, of course, children still at school, but the proportion of them who have intercourse and indulge in various other types of sexual behaviour is much the same. In the



'. . . *and I say they're* mine!'

States, social groups are different. The rich are much richer and the poor are much poorer.

Mayfair: So Kinsey's findings may not necessarily apply to England?

Eysenck: I certainly don't think one can assume that it does, and I would be surprised if it did to any large extent. In the Victorian era, I'm sure there was a tremendous difference between social groups. This has come out in recent works on Victorian sexuality. Nowadays, I'd be surprised, but again there is a lack of knowledge on what people do.

Mayfair: Do you think that today's relaxation in morals has led to a higher proportion of young people having intercourse at an earlier age?

Eysenck: I was very surprised by a recent study we did, to find that among these students, whom one would imagine are the avant-garde in these matters, being away from home and more able, more likely to satisfy their sexual desire, that only one in five had ever had intercourse. That's a very small figure. That was the women. With the men, it was a bit higher. But in any case it was rather small beer when you think of the newspaper headlines of everybody being promiscuous. And of those who had had intercourse, particularly among the girls, quite a number not only answered the question but actually wrote in separately that this was only with their fiancé whom they hoped to marry, and they would never do it with anybody else. In other words it was still along very highly moral lines. Anticipating marriage perhaps, but still within the general social consensus of marriage being the only correct and right outlet for sex.

Mayfair: So do you think that the Permissive Society is a newspaper fake?

Eysenck: I think there's a lot to that. Again, newspapers don't base what they write on fact or investigation. If a small minority is loud enough and obvious enough, and if there is a scarcity of other newsworthy stories, they'll gladly print that kind of thing as if it were universally true.

Mayfair: On the other hand, there does seem to be more acceptance for sexual freedom in print and in films.

Eysenck: Films and books are one thing. To actually indulge in that kind of behaviour is another. There were great fears when in Denmark censorship of books was removed completely, that all kinds of rapes and child murders would happen. In actual fact, they decreased by twenty per cent. In other words, the two things don't correlate together to any reasonable extent. They may even be negatively correlated. If I can go and see a film which would have been classed as a blue film a few years ago, it might be one sex outlet for me, and I wouldn't have to indulge in illicit intercourse or go to a prostitute. I'm not saying it is like that. You can't argue from one thing to another unless you know the actual relationship, and we don't. The areas of sex are almost completely unknown. There are very few facts, and even these are not really very well known.

turn to page 42

THINK PINK

If someone offers you a drink, and you don't actually want to get drunk, what do you do?

Start asking for Tonic and Pink. The undrink.

It's the pale, palest shade of pink. It tastes deliciously sophisticated.

And four drops of spirits in a whole glass of tonic isn't likely to alarm the Minister of Transport.

Each 8 oz. bottle of Angostura aromatic bitters contains 4,000 drops.

Which makes it pretty economical extravagance.

If you're in a party mood, try The Indrink:
PINK GIN AND TONIC

Let me brush you down, dear Your peaks are covered in snow

Humour by Edward Knox

There was once a great lecher, who I am sorry to say was not me, who said:
'When snow falls white across the fields,
The virtuous maid her panties yields.'
And he was absolutely right. When there's rain beating on the windows, or a thick fog gropes its swirling fingers round your lattice, you'll never get a girl to drop her intimates. But when there's snow outside, she'll be like warm wax in your hands.
Snow, you see, is the great romantic medium of all time. It lends to all who slide across it, or trudge through it, or get buried in it, an aura of drama and adventure.
What's more, it puts girls in mind of snug beds, and hot toddy, and Christmas cuddles by the fireside. They have been conditioned all their sweet lives, from the days of Sunday School stamps upwards, to think of snow as the sign for goodwill and generosity to begin. I have a pet theory, too, for the Freudians amongst you, that girls only need the *atmosphere* of virginity around to be satisfied that they're not doing wrong. When the landscape outside is deep in crisp virgin snow, they no longer worry that their own front paths have been thoroughly and lovingly swept.
I have the proof immediately to hand for the sceptical. The randiest race in all the world are without doubt the Esquimaux, who spend their entire winter munching blubber sandwiches and copulating with such heat that their igloos melt down around their ears.
And the second randiest race in all the world are the Scots, who walk around with their viriles hanging free, and who invented the largest portable phallic symbol in history.
Snowbound races, both. And there are a million more true examples of how the old white and glittery makes cool girls rampant and frigid women ferocious.
All this, however, is by the way, since I have the greatest testimony. To seduction in the snow, that is. I myself have proved beyond doubt that if you want a bit of a jolly go, it's in the snow you'll get it. It happened at one of Europe's most exclusive skiing resorts, Ghuliehall in Motherwell. I have since been told that its exclusiveness is a result of its hair-raising slopes, most of which are down the Coal Exchange roof. Nevertheless, I was a novice, and so I was inwardly grateful that I would not have to expose my somewhat erratic talents to a load of Swiss snow-shovellers.
Apart from which, it was cheap. Only £10 a week for two, inclusive of six nights at Mrs Flora McPristine's Lodging House, with all the Gideon Bibles you could eat.
Two it was, for I didn't go on my own. I took with me a delectable young dolly whom I had seized from under the nose of a great former friend, a lynx-eyed girl with bouffant red hair, and a pair of breasts as high and mobile as barrage ballons.
I went on my own in search of skis. It was Friday evening in Ghuliehall, on a January night, and cold enough to make you pee stair-rods. I discovered a small, jumbly, ill-lit general stores on the corner of Braw Street and Dundas Steppings, with the uncompromising sign: 'Hamish Glour, Tallow and Oats Supplier to the Lairds, All The Gruel That's Fit To Drink, Muffles Gloves and Doonies.'
I pushed my way through a barricade of deck-chairs and parasols (the Scots trader is nothing if not optimistic) to emerge in the wee small store, in the presence of Hamish Glour himself, who sat soaking his beard in Scotch and playing solitaire with tartan marbles.
'Ye dinna ha tae ask me what it is ye're here after,' Hamish grumbled. 'I heerd yon motory-car o yourn draw up tae Filthy Floras, and we dinna sell them.'
'I beg your pardon,' I asked. 'Sell what?'
'Elastic lifebelts for dirrty weekends.'
'Well actually I wondered if I could hire two pairs of skis.'
'Och, you people get mair pervairted by the year. Skis is it now? Hist, mon, but I wouldna mind knowing how you use them. Does it hurt at all?'
'I have no intention of using skis for any other purpose than that for which their designers intended them. Namely, to slide across the snow from high to low.'
Hamish Glour nodded knowingly, and disappeared in the inner recesses of his store. He re-emerged with four battered skis, all of wildly differing lengths.
'Is that all you have?'
'Aye well the last ski party that came to Ghuliehall were sadly agley in their directions, and awa round the corner of Dundas Steppings they came, and sadly the municipal snow-plough was after coming in the opposite direction, and they was boggit. 'Twas a guid thing it happened sae close, or I'd never hae got my deposit back.'
I paid Mr Glour, unwillingly, for his assorted skis, and turned to leave.
'You'll be wanting a doonie,' he said.
'What's a doonie? I don't know whether I do want one.'
Hamish Glour came up to me with a moist sentimental look in his eye, and laid a fatherly hand on my shoulder.
'A doonie's a wee bagging, hand-knit in the Hi'lands by auld mitherly hags as'd gladend yeir heart, so concerned as they are to protect yeir twa hangings frae the naughty nippings of the froastbite.'
'Good God I'll have two.'
Then it was back to Mrs McPristine's and a snug bed, though I'm sorry to report the snugness was lent only by a stone hot-water bottle of great weight and unyielding hardness. It was like sharing a bed with the Stone of Scone. Wimsy (as my nubile companion was called) had insisted on a berth of her own, where even now she was cuddling her huge soft breasts.
Next morning, after a breakfast of hot grey cement, Wimsy struggled into a tantalising little fur anorak, raised by her breasts into two vast furry mounds, and an incredibly tight pair of ski-pants, which dotingly revealed the hot-cross-bun marks of her pantie elastic.
There is no ski-lift at Ghuliehall, since the beginners' slope, by summer, is a slag-tip. But the romance of snow is such that it was a virgin crest of shimmering white by winter, a miniature Matterhorn, and one could almost hear the ringing yodels of the Swiss, as they happily made holes in their cheese with their alpenstocks.
We were transported to the summit by donkey, led with little diligence by a hirsute old Lowlander who claimed descent from Robert the Bruce, the proof of which was that 'whene'er I set eyes on a bonny lass like yourn, sir, I gae up and down like a pairsevering spider.'
Eventually we stood on the peak, and I followed the diminishing figures of the donkeys with an unquenchable sadness, not to say terror. Wimsy shivered and declared the prospect of skimming down 400 feet of hard snow into the Ghuliehall schoolyard wall did not fill her with great upliftment. I would have argued that point if my teeth would have stopped rattling.
I began to see why the Scots are second to the Esquimaux in randiness. The Esquimaux have the sense to plod around with tennis racquets on their feet, reserving their energies for erotica (and presumably tennis).
All around us, the white and misty countryside of Motherwell presented a prospect of enchantment, the kind of enchantment that the captain of the *Titanic* must have felt when icebergs hove into view. I suddenly felt that skiing was not unlike throwing oneself out of a fast car, nose-first, on to the road.
'What an infernal nuisance,' I said to Wimsy. 'There's a double-headed upslope crosswind.'
She blinked at me from her fur-bonnet frame. 'What does that mean?'
'What does it mean? Good God, woman, it means we can't ski. I mean, we could ski, but we'd be risking a slalom snarl. Only an Olympic skier, and a mad Olympic skier at that, would dare tackle a slope in a wind like this.'
'But I don't feel any wind.'
'Ah, that's the whole point. You *don't* feel it. That's what the Swiss call the *Lüren-tötenschneefarter* – the fatal lure of the snow. It all seems windless and inviting, but in

reality there's terrible danger. I mean, damn it, I wouldn't mind going down myself. But I can't risk letting you go. What would I tell your mother?'

'Mummy's dead. She broke her neck at Zermatt.'

That's it, then. Your family has obviously got a *Schnebögengeist*. That's Swiss for a jinx.'

I was satisfied that I had saved myself from a scarifying slide down Ghuliehall's miserable slag-tip, and I was already working on my seductive patter for a bit of après-ski when Wimsy began to slide away.

'I'm sliding away,' she said, in a tiny voice. 'How do I stop?'

I desperately tried to remember my skimpy reading of ski manuals, but in the panic they became hopelessly confused with my memories of ballroom dancing books, those ones with hundreds of black-and-white footprints on every page.

'Quick-slow quick-quick-slow!' I bellowed, watching my delectable snow-pussy whizzing inexorably away by gravity and the Ghuliehall slopes. I had to go after her. It was totally foolhardy of me, but there are moments when gallantry must overrule discretion, and anyway there wasn't another piece of crumpet of such good quality within two days' drive.

I found myself involved in the strangest locomotion I have ever experienced. Skiing is by no means smooth. I was tugged helplessly downwards at a steep angle, while being jiggled around like a dining-car waiter on the Dundee Flyer.

Then, to my wrath, I perceived that Wimsy had managed to stop. She had planted her soft bottom firmly in the snow, and was sitting there laughing her damned blasted beautiful head off. I just had time to shout: 'My collection of erotica goes to Granny!' before I sailed past her on my way to meet Valhalla and the schoolhouse wall.

Some remote and happy chance caused the school janitor to open the side-gate at the precise instant I was howling towards it. Abruptly, I found myself tramping around a dark parquet corridor like a clown in long boots. From various doors, there came the sounds of droning Scottish schoolmasters, and the smell of parboiled cabbage. The janitor came hurrying up to me.

'Ye'll be the new visiting minister,' he said.

'What makes you think that?' I snapped.

'Och, only a Presbyterian'd be that flashy,' he chuckled.

'Kindly stop standing on my skis,' I replied. 'I am not a skiborne cleric, but an innocent holidaymaker, and I'd appreciate it if you'd tell me where to find a warm fire and a cup of tea.'

The janitor scowled. 'Weel, I'm awa up to Glour's to purchase some canes. Ye can bide awhile in my wee hut in the playground, but only if ye keep the fire alight and stop the bairns from stuffing snow in the lavatory cisterns.'

Supervising a hundred kilted children who were maniac enough to cram snow into lavatories was hardly my idea of *la belle vacance de la neige* but the fire sounded tempting. On my way out, I met Wimsy, who had negotiated the remainder of the slope on her rump.

Soon we were cuddled round the fire, popping chestnuts and drinking tea, freely laced with my portable potables. Wimsy was soon warm enough to have the fur peeled off her, and a white skinny sweater emerged, lifted to breaking strain by her amazing breasts.

'It's so romantic,' she sighed. 'All snuggled here with the snow outside.'

Jolly snuggly it may have been, but Wimsy still had her ski pants on, with their tempting and naughty crease between legs that were as tight as the cellophane on cigars. And it wouldn't take the janitor more than half an hour to buy canes, even if that incompetent Glour had any.

I then had a brilliant idea, really one of my best. I made a conscious effort to stop thinking about seducing Wimsy, and the result depressant effect allowed my two woollen doonies to fall unimpeded down my trouser-legs, where I neatly caught them, out of sight of Wimsy.

Then, with sleight of hand that could have got me a job sawing ladies in half at any theatre you care to mention, I dropped both doonies in the fire. Within seconds, the tiny hut was thick with noxious smoke.

'Good grief!' I cried. 'It's a freak downslope diagonal gale! It's blowing down the chimney like a wild beast! Quick! Do you have anything that would do service as a windsock, so I can go on the roof and see which way it's coming from? Then I can fix the flue heh-heh.'

Before she could protest, I had divested her of the skinny sweater, although it was a struggle pulling it over her breasts. Swaying into my satisfied vision came two bulging bosoms, teetering over the frail edge of a see-through uplift bra.

I made a desultory excursion outside, throwing snowballs on to the roof to make it sound as though I was up there, whistling two bars of *Scotland the Brave*, and then coming back in again.

'It's no good this sweater, it's not big enough. I'll have to use your tights.'

Wimsy was so choked by smoke that she would have agreed to me licking her bare body all over and putting her out in the wind to see which side she dried first. But the ski-tights were enough. She raised her bottom slightly as I tugged them off, and there she sat in the tiniest pair of panties, which bulged firmly and revealingly in front, all bare and defenceless and lovely.

Out again I went, like poor Oates, to throw more snowballs on the roof and whistle. Then back in again, to announce I could fix the fire so it wouldn't smoke, roused and ready for the kill.

It was the work of seconds to open the windows and let the doonie smoke eddy out. I turned to Wimsy, and held her with foraging hands, and kissed her lingeringly on the lips, and began to play banjos with her nervous knicker-elastic, only inches from her warm and squirmy thighs. I thought, you're a hard man, Knox.

The moment came, delicious and tingling, when her panties slid down her trembling thighs, and she lay back with her mouth moistly parted, her eyes brimming with anticipated pleasure.

There was a small knock at the door.

A goody-good voice said: 'Please Mr McVitie, Angus Campbell's stuffing snow doon the boags again.'

'Good God, child!' I roared. 'Then stuff *him* down the goddamned boags!'

But the moment was lost. Wimsy started tittering, I was thoroughly put off form, and we gave it up as a botched job (though promising to reunite in the more intimate confines of Mrs McPristine's bed that night).

Not long after, the janitor returned with four canes of wildly differing lengths, and reported gloomily that Hamish Glour was anxious about his skis and his doonies, and would we call in to his shop on the way back to assure him they were *virgo intacta*.

The only thing that was *virgo intacta* was Wimsy. The skis were splintered beyond anything but humorous repair, and the doonies were in ashes. We left town under the cover of the steam from Mrs McPristine's porage.

About six months later, when I was touring the Highlands, lecturing to village schools on bicycles (a subject on which I am a complete expert, as all Scots are. We invented the pedal and the pneumatic tyre, so there). I came across an elderly hag, sitting outside her croft, knitting what was without doubt a doonie.

I pressed a shilling into her shawl.

'Old woman,' I said, 'you do not know it, but it may well have been one of your doonies that saved me from a ski holiday worse than death, and gave me the best winter's sport of my life.'

She bit the shilling and shook her head.

'Och, sir, and how could a wee egg cosy do that?'

I've only two things to say, and both of them to Hamish Glour. The Scots must have big eggs. You'll find your skis in my shed, waiting to warm me this winter, hotter than a hundred doonies.

PROFESSOR H.J.EYSENCK

continued from page 39

Mayfair: Sexual perversion is being more openly discussed now. Do we yet know what motivates a man to perversion?

Eysenck: That is a point where one can speak with some confidence. These are most likely conditioned stimuli, very much like the Pavlovian dog which salivates when a whistle is blown, because he has been trained to associate a whistle with feeding time. It is well known that sexual responses can be conditioned very easily. They are among the most easily conditioned of all. Consequently, whenever sexual pleasure is experienced, in connection with some odd article or instrument or object, quite likely this becomes a useful or quite necessary adjunct to sexual pleasure. The boy who is beaten by the headmaster may have trousers that are too tight, or in some other way he gets an erection, which is pleasurable, and becomes associated with the beating, and in later life he needs to be beaten in order to get sexual pleasure. That kind of association is reasonably well understood. Homosexuality often arises in the same way. Boys are together, without female company, in public schools, or in prison, or in the Navy, and naturally homosexual practices begin and become connected with pleasure, and the person becomes homosexual.

Mayfair: Can this process be reversed?

Eysenck: Yes. We have aversion therapy. You simply show homosexuals or fetishists a picture of a naked male or whatever their fetishistic symbol is, and then give them an electric shock – not too strong, but nevertheless aversive. Soon the pain and the anxiety and the negative feelings associated with the shock become associated with the fetishistic object or the male form. They become devalued for him, and he ceases to be homosexual or fetishistic. Of course, it isn't as easy as that. With a homosexual, there is also a danger of relapse, because all his friends are male, and he doesn't know how to approach women. But in principle you can dissolve this conditioning and substitute another one. It can be done and it has been done.

Mayfair: Obviously there are many interpretations of 'normal' behaviour. But are what we generally consider to be perversions psychologically or physically harmful?

Eysenck: They're not harmful in any physical sense. They are harmful in the sense that either they may be illegal, and it is harmful for someone to take part in illegal practices, possibly laying himself open to blackmail or other things of this kind, because he becomes worried and anxious. Second, it may interfere with proper adjustment. His wife may object – in fact they often do object to dressing up in a certain way. The wife has scruples, and she is entitled to those just as the male is entitled to his views. It presents great difficulty. In that sense it is harmful. It may break up the marriage. It often does. Some of the patients who come for treatment do so precisely because they don't want their marriage to break up, and their partner doesn't want this kind of conduct. But in any physiological sense, no, it doesn't make any difference how you get your sexual pleasure. Biologically and physically it won't do you any harm. It's very difficult to do yourself any harm in this way.

Perversion is a term, like 'crime', which is purely socially conditioned. What is a perversion in one society may not be a perversion in another. A few years ago,

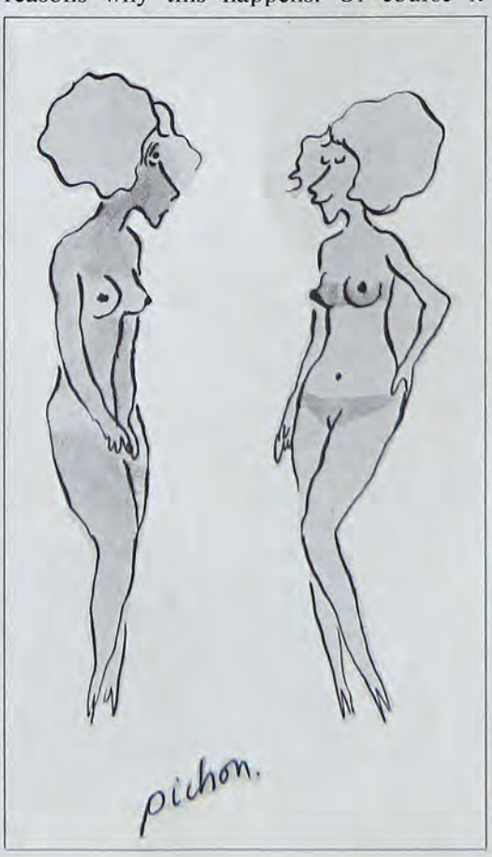
> 'Being slated by the *News of the World* doesn't concern me'

homosexuality was a crime in England and now it isn't. A few hundred years ago, people were burned at the stake for having intercourse from behind, even with their wives. It was a very serious perversion. Nowadays, I don't suppose anyone would worry. Few people would even call it a perversion.

Almost any perversion that human beings indulge in can be found with monkeys. It is a perfectly natural way of behaving. It is *perverse* because it breaks some social rule, that's all, and at the moment these social rules appear to be in flux. It is a purely artificial classification that has no biological reality. In our society, the traditional posture in sex is the 'missionary position', but in other societies this isn't so. Some even regard it as perverse. It's completely arbitrary.

Mayfair: I'd like to turn to a problem that affects most men at one time or another – the failure to achieve an erection. Is this purely psychological?

Eysenck: There are so many possible reasons why this happens. Of course it



probably happens to everybody occasionally, but we get worried if it happens to us. You could be tired, or drunk, or anxious and depressed, worried, afraid. There are millions of reasons why this should happen. There is some suggestion that just as women have a monthly cycle, so males do too. On some days of the month they may feel stronger and more virile, on other days less so. And if they try to have intercourse at the wrong time, this may misfire. But it happens to everybody at some time.

There is a very charming little poem by the poet Goethe, who of course was a great womaniser, about how he arrived at an inn, and how there was a very beautiful and charming maid, and how he enticed her into his bed – and then found to his chagrin that he couldn't have an erection. He describes it in considerable and amusing detail, and curses his fate. But he took it for granted that these things happen, and it was just unfortunate. Of course if it happens and you worry, then the worry makes it happen again. If you say I'm afraid this may happen, then quite likely it will, because fear enervates the sympathetic nervous system which produces the erection, so you may get into a vicious circle. But these things can be cured and have been cured by very simple behaviour therapy, and they're not really a serious problem.

Mayfair: There is a literary ideal, put forward by such writers as Henry Miller, of a long, gushing, and seemingly endless ejaculation.

Eysenck: Yes, and having a large number of such sessions during one night. I think most of these are vastly exaggerated, and people just can't measure up to that kind of literary standard. But again, it's not something to worry about. You don't have to be a sexual athlete to be happy.

Mayfair: What hopes are there of the research work that is necessary to help people in all these ways being started?

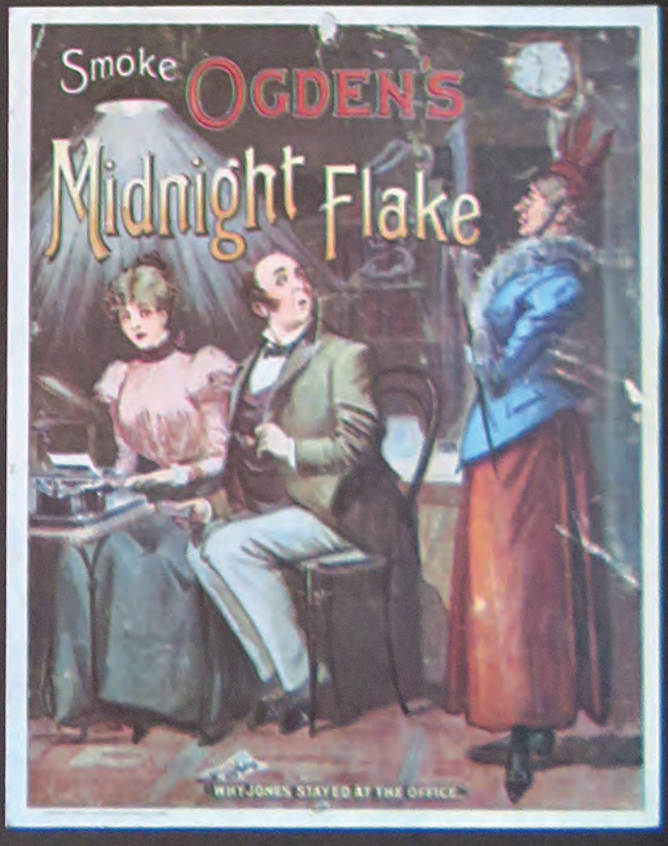
Eysenck: I should think practically none at all. There is no lobby in support of this work that I know of. I should imagine there is a very strong lobby against doing anything of the kind. Even the little bit that I've been doing – and it's comparatively mild to Masters and Johnson – has made the newspapers quite worried. But I'm not concerned about that. Being slated by the *News of the World* is not the worst thing that can happen to one. But I had rejections, quite strong and emotional rejections, from a large number of heads of education departments at colleges, whom I had asked for permission to give questionnaires to volunteers. Even among educated people, who are in touch with students, there is still an incredibly primitive and old-fashioned view that these things should not be discussed or investigated. What they think the students do, I can't imagine. They must think they can be perverted by a few questions, which are very much milder than many books they can read. They didn't just say 'I'm sorry, we can't do this,' they were even beseeching me to go back to the bosom of the Church.

Mayfair: Professor Eysenck, thank you.

The scent
of...
conquest?
A GENTLEMAN'S
COLOGNE
CHANEL
CHANEL
FOR MEN
Cologne £2.10.0. £4.0.0.
After Shave £1.19.6. £3.0.0.
Talc 19/6. Soap 6/-. 10/-

The pipe from which bo

Could any of these posters have turned you into a pipe-smoker? Seventy years ago, tobacco makers knew you would



th girls and glory waft

always fall for the domestic favours of homely girls and war on the sun-baked veld. Howard Fox on smoking habits

The pipe smoker has shaken off for good the image of steadiness with leather elbows. Not that he always had that image. It was only between the wars, when the cigarette became the fashionably caddish thing to smoke, that the pipe was associated with dependable vicar's sons who gave stolid advice to fallen mill girls but never helped to fell any themselves. Today, pipe tobacco firms are keying their advertising to swinging young heroes to whom virginity is so much pipe cleaner. What the manufacturers are doing, in fact, is to revive the dashing picture of pipe smokers that existed in the 1900s, although naturally they have had to update it.

The tobacco posters here, originals from Ogdens campaigns of balmier days, show just how close the pre-First War image of a pipe-smoker is to today's stem-sucking ideal.

Ogdens recently held a 'smoke-in' at London's Chelsea Drugstore, with well-equipped hostesses tempting the uninitiated into the pleasures of using a pipe, and there wasn't a vicar's son in sight.

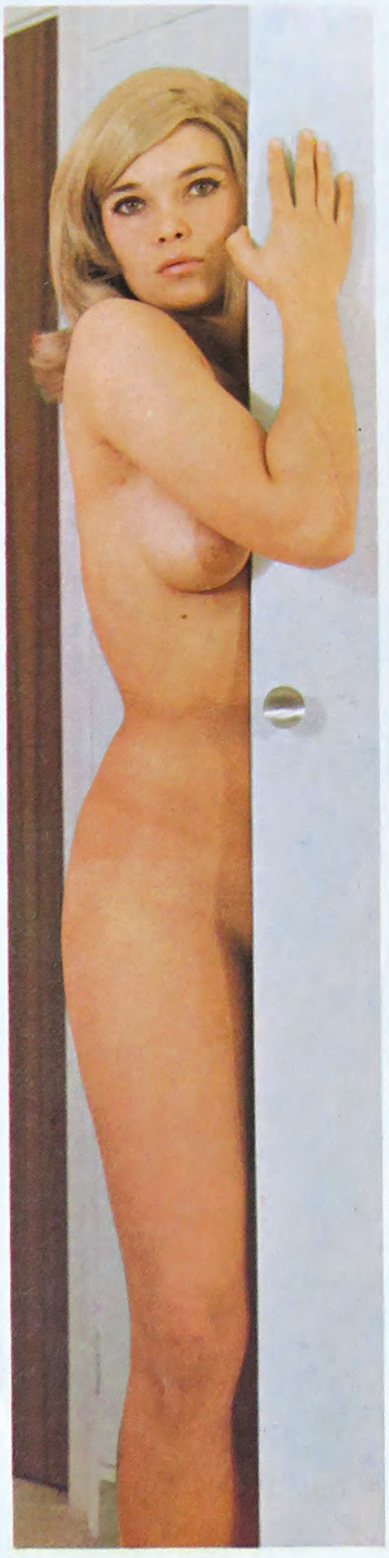
The Imperial dream which these posters project is no longer with us, but tobacco is again being sold with the promise of toughness and heroism. When you come down to it, there isn't a great deal of difference between the man in his Ferrari full of dollies,

turn to page 59

CAROLINE

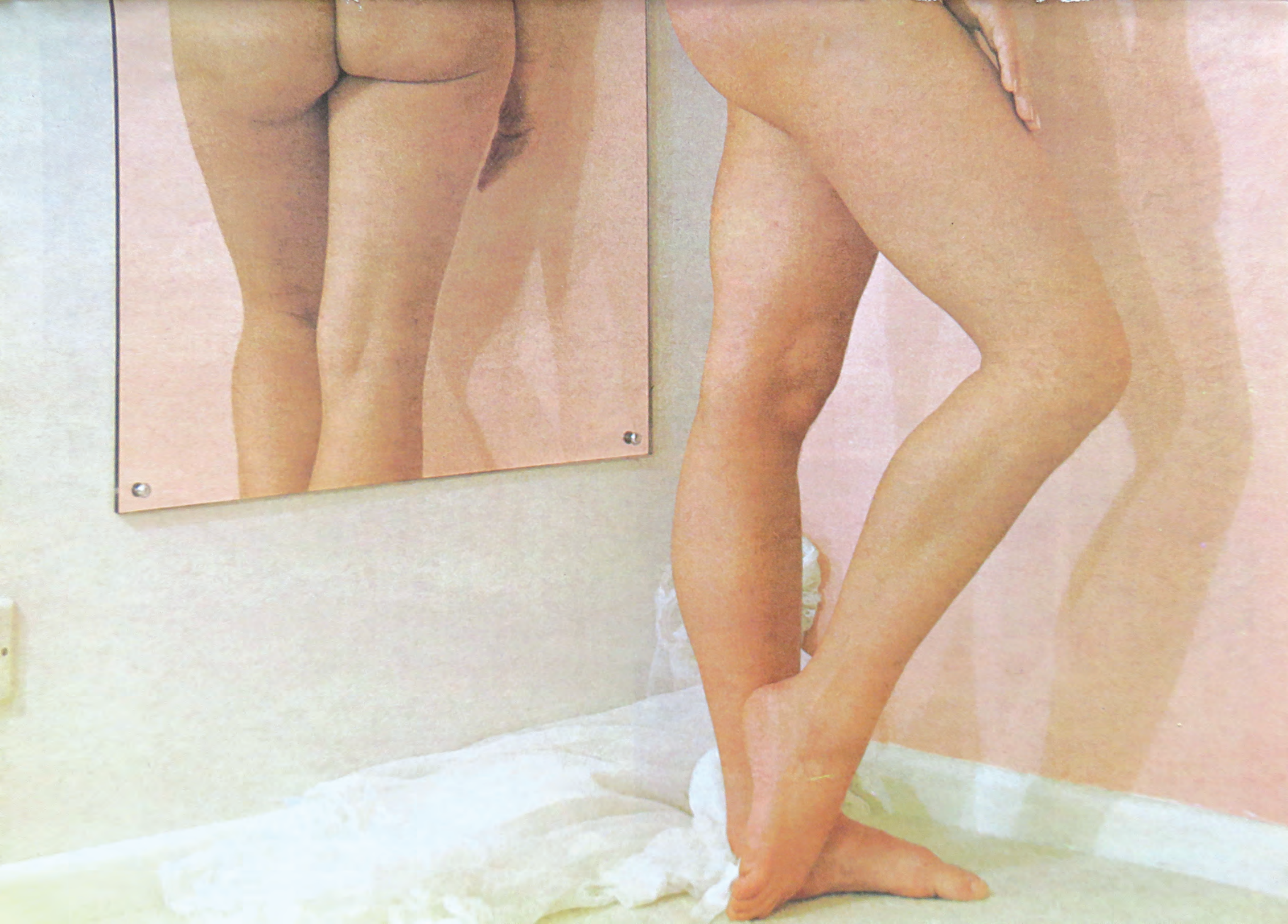
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID BARTLETT

Caroline Dell is our Girl of the Year. She rated the honours through overwhelming response from readers. From the day she first appeared, your acclaim for this tigerish blonde from the West Country outweighed any other girl by five-to-one. Now, in a new specially-commissioned pictorial, we bring you the full feline Caroline



To reach Mayfair's coveted Girl of the Year status, a girl has to face stiff and sensual competition. Thirty-six girls merit publication in Mayfair each year – and they've already been screened from hundreds more. But this year's top dolly cut through the opposition like a hot knife through butter. As we began to size up the acclaim that each girl had received, there was no doubt about where we'd be going to shoot our Girl of the Year pictorial. Salisbury, where we'd first found Caroline Dell, a 23-year-old solicitor's secretary who was taking a sabbatical year in the West Country to sell antiques. Strictly, the year was up, but Caroline was still out West, and thinking of staying in the antique business for good. 'I don't know what to say,' Caroline said when we told her of the overwhelming approbation from Mayfair readers. 'I don't suppose I can thank them all personally.' She did better than that, by giving us a second appreciation of her memorable 36-24-36, nuder and more Caroline than ever

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE YEAR / CAROLINE DELL



How very wearing this

I swoop upon her, like a wolf upon the fold, my evening wear gleaming in purple and gold. And she, poor fool, insists on dancing till dawn, just so the damn orchestra can admire

Above: I think that I shall never see a tree so beautiful as me. Is that right? Dammit, of course it's right! Am I not beautiful in my lightweight dinner suit with braid edges and shawl collar, £32, and in my Rocola embroidery fly-front shirt, £7 15s, and my actual moire tie bow, 17s 6d. Tie bow is it? Or bie tow? Ah, she's pensive at the moment, this fragile bird of the dawn, but only because she is overpowered by my sartorial splendour. All from Austin Reed, this haberdashery. I'll dash her haber!

evening is this morning

her with me, wherever they are. The morning's so misty I can't focus on a damn thing. Thank God I look so magnificent

Formal fashion by Erica Crome / Photographed by John Adams

Left: ah, Wordsworth would have loved a morning like this. He might even have loved me, in my voile Clarney shirt with ruffled lace jabot and lace-edged cuffs, 15 gns it was, and my velvet pleated cummerbund, 6 gns, both from Turnbull and Asser. **Above:** God, it's tough work talking this snobby woman into it. I'm dying to fart. But one really can't let down such a fine embroidered shirt, 85s from Raelbrook, and my backless moire evening waistcoat with matching tow bie, 10 gns from Turnbull and Asser

Above: now to give her a bit of the old profile. Never fails, y'know, a spot of the old profile. And a small bit of gin. And a spot of profile. Can't she see my anguished soul inside my Crimplene paisley jacket and ineffably plain trousers, 46 gns by Kruunu of Finland through Francis E. Jennings? Can't she see that a *man* beats inside this bluff-collared fly-front ruffled shirt, £3 16s from Lloyd Menswear? Or me moire cummerbund, 6 gns, and me velvet tie thing, 35s, from Turnbull and Asser? I know what she needs. More profile. More gin. A spot of the old pro-and-ginfile, eh?
Below: you see, it's working, you can't deny it's working, she's bared her ridmiff. I thought she'd fall for this lot – a debble-brusted dinner suit with six buttons and Regency collar, £45 10s, and evening matching coat, £38 10s, and embroidered evening shirt, £6 5s, and silken handkerchief, 17s 6d, all from Aquascutum. And even a damned bow tie, a velvet bow tie, 35s from Turnbull and Asser. Can't she pee what a sitiful soul I am? How I'm racked with desire? She loves my bloody clothes, but what about me? I've even got all my cufflinks from City Jewellers. Have another, rot you, looking so aloof in your clothes from Clobber. Oh God, I must be pissed again

TAKE TWO SISTERS

Thanks, I'd love to. Let's say Nathalie Delon in the nude and Susan Strasberg in the buff

As a film, it is a wild and erotic bedtime romp. As a showcase for two of the world's most controversial and tempting actresses, it is outstanding. It marks a new point in the careers, and in the private lives, of Nathalie Delon and Susan Strasberg, two girls who have been pressganged into fame by scandal and reputation.

The Sisters, directed by Roberto Malenotti, is the newest Italian sex epic to be booked for London's four-in-hand Cinecenta.

Nathalie Delon plays Diana, who dominates her weaker sister, Maria, played by Susan Strasberg. Their relationship is not as lesbian as Cinecenta's posters would have it, showing them with their smudged lipstick over each other's succulent mouths. But it is a cat-and-mouse kinship, a fiery conflict that requires the sisters' frequent nudity for its effect. Maria, eager to escape her sister's dominance, marries a rich Italian businessman, despite his poor performance in bed. But Diana is thirsting to regain her dominance; and visits their villa, bent on destroying either the marriage or Maria.

After a dual dalliance with a stray cousin, the sisters conflict again, and Maria is killed.

Both actresses are familiar with stress. Both are victims of crushed marriages. Susan Strasberg is the 30-year-old daughter of Lee and Paula Strasberg, originators of the Mecca of method-acting, the New York Actor's Studio. She was brought up in an intensely intellectual atmosphere, which led her inevitably to films (*Picnic, Stage Struck*) and thence to Italy to stage and studio. She married and divorced Hollywood's current favourite, Christopher Jones, and then returned to Rome and Italian films.

Nathalie Delon, born Francine Canovas, claims that some women are born victims. She seems to be one of them. She

Opposite page: Strasberg's cousin-in-law, played by Giancarlo Giannini, seduces Nathalie Delon (top) and Susan Strasberg (below) during a strenuous visit to his relations. Left: Susan Strasberg, as the submissive Maria, opens her silk blouse invitingly for Giancarlo's amorous attentions. Below left: a window's-eye view of Strasberg with her screen husband on their wedding-night. Below right: Nathalie Delon pensively disrobes in one of her nude scenes

Above left: a wedding-night tussle for Susan Strasberg and film husband Massimo Girotti. Above right: see-through temptation fails to arouse her husband's ardour quite enough. Below: the result – the husband's cousin moves swiftly in

has been insulted by the French Press, received letters 'some so vile, I cannot, will not repeat,' and suffered round-the-clock interrogation from the gendarmerie. These were the aftermath of her involvement in the Delon affair – the mystery killing of her ex-husband's chauffeur and companion Stefan Markovic.

Nathalie, born in Morocco, had one teenage marriage and one daughter behind her when she married Alain Delon. She ventured into films after the birth of their son, and her career was boosted by the breaking of the murder publicity. Nathalie is completing her first British picture *When Eight Bells Toll*, which stars Anthony Hopkins as a new spy hero and Jack Hawkins as her ageing husband. Sisters, these two actresses, Strasberg and Delon, in more ways than one.

Tobacco Posters
continued from page 45

and the plucky young officer of the Boer War. The acquisition of bravery, physical strength, the ability to be handsome and appealing though a veteran, these were the qualities you could expect from smoking Ogden's tobacco brands.

But you could also draw the Victorian dollies with 'Ye fragrante tobacco' or 'Doric mixture'.

These aspects of pipe smoking were subdued by the beginning of the cigarette craze after the 1914–18 War.

The advancement of cigarettes as a device for winning success among girls was first given the big drum treatment in the United States, but it quickly spread to the rest of the civilised world. Then came the medical reports on what could happen if you went at it too much. At that point, the pipe smoker came into his own once more, for all the medical reports maintained that he was in the clear, even though his face be lost to view in the fug.

The process of smartening up the image of the pipe smoker got smartly under way in the United States in the winter of 1964 with the launch of Masterpiece. Described in trade terms as 'a premium quality, aromatic pipe tobacco', this lovely weed curled its way into men's heart, mouth, nose and lungs on the voluptuous recommendation of Eva Gabor. The campaign she graced was clearly an immense success, for when I contacted the company responsible, Liggett and Myers Incorporated, I was told that Masterpiece was doing well even though 'we have not had an advertising campaign for the product in about the last two years.'

The thrust which Eva gave had sent the product into orbit, and now, more or less, the brand sells itself.

The research into pipe appeal which Liggett and Myers had conducted had in fact been carried through in Eva's name. It is worth remembering that all this took place before the phenomenal success of *In Praise of Older Women* and before *The Graduate* had passed his examinations in mature love.

The contemporary high and open evaluation of the mature woman, the sporting girl of wide experience, may well at least have coincided in America with the arrival of Masterpiece. It may even have preceded the move away from the teenage obsession. Young sprigs who came eventually to appreciate that knowledge is a wonderful thing, came to realise how favourably men with pipes are regarded by women who knew a thing or two.

The smart angle in the launch was the proving to men that glamorous and well-versed women just adored them in pipes. The proof came in the form of the published report of a poll conducted by Eva Gabor among other women of maturity and admirable quantities of experience.

Out to the editors of women's pages in newspapers and leading magazines went a questionnaire backed by a facsimile letter on Eva's own notepaper. 'Darling,' she wrote. 'Men are so sweet . . . But when you've got a job, like I have, you have to do what the head man says. And he asked me to ask you if you agree with him that pipe-smoking is growing more popular . . . does your husband, your beau, or both smoke a pipe . . . What kind of man do you think is a typical pipe smoker . . .?'

When the men read the reports of the women's page editors (and few classes of women come more mature or experienced) it is scant wonder that Masterpiece, the brand which had been so closely associated with the inquiry, came under high demand from men who knew where their best interests lay.

For more than eighty per cent of the women replying to Eva's probe not only agreed that the pipe smoker was exciting, but also had a lot of other things going for him.

More than eighty per cent rated the man with a pipe as having a sexual power above the average. Around eighty per cent thought he was 'tender'. An unbeatable 100 per cent said he was 'knowledgeable.'

Sophisticated? Certainly; 67 per cent of the women reporting to Eva Gabor said that pipe smoking gave a man that smooth kind of image. Highly creative? Seventy-five per cent said so. Fastidious? A point under eighty per cent said yes to that. What about ability to spend? For a long time the pipe-smoker had been widely regarded as mean. Lavish spending was associated with the man with the gold cigarette-case, or the cigar smoker. A pipe-smoker probably carried not only a pouch but also a purse. This was the cloud of caution under which pipemen had for so long existed. If they were mean about money, wouldn't they also be mean about love-making, since money is the symbol of love?

All this parsimonious lore and legend had been around for so long that seventy per cent of pipe-smokers believed it themselves, although each one generously admitted that he himself was an exception. Then Eva Gabor's poll arrived to tell them that women who knew a lot about men didn't think that way at all. Close on ninety per cent of them maintained that pipe-smokers were not mean. In fact, they thought they were very big spenders.

There was one woman editor in the Mid-West who blatantly disregarded the old convention that claims girls grow out of cigarette smokers.

'When I was fourteen,' she said, 'I thought pipe-smokers were the real swingers of the world. And I still do. They are symbols of sexy, sporty, sophistication.'

An advertising copywriter in New York stood the old image on its head and claimed 'Pipes make them look younger.' A mature woman wrote in from California to say firmly that 'pipe-smokers make a woman feel even more female,' and one wishes that she had enlarged on the subject.

But a generously-endowed woman editor in Indiana actually did enlarge upon it: 'Pipe-smokers look so terribly peaceful and maybe just a bit self-satisfied, and this inspires any normal red-blooded girl to disrupting activities.

'It's something like the influence a bachelor has on women. The married ones want to match him and the single ones want to marry him.'

It is fascinating how many of these points, brought out by modern market research, were backbones to the advertising campaigns of 1900, although the brisk blatancy of posters in those days would make modern copywriters wince. The girl who has been entranced by the winning waft of tobacco is heavily represented. There is the fairy on Ogden's Lucky Star advertisement, her left breast all but exposed, waving an ecstatic wand over a huge pipe laid in a bed of rustically fertile clover.

There is intriguing period charm in the poster for Midnight Flake. Jones has been surprised by his Old Mother Riley of a wife while dallying late at the office with a busty secretary.

Jones is so different a hero-figure from today that the similarity between this advertisement and today's rugged heroes is hard to grasp at first. He is paunchy, balding, *dapper*. But the similarity becomes immediately evident when you look at the girl; she is the curvy ideal of advertisements in any age. It is just that the image of slightly roué employer has radically altered. I would say that he was a damned fool to marry the wife in the first place.

With Ogden's Vanguard Navy Cut we get a different type of man, but the same promise of delectable girl.

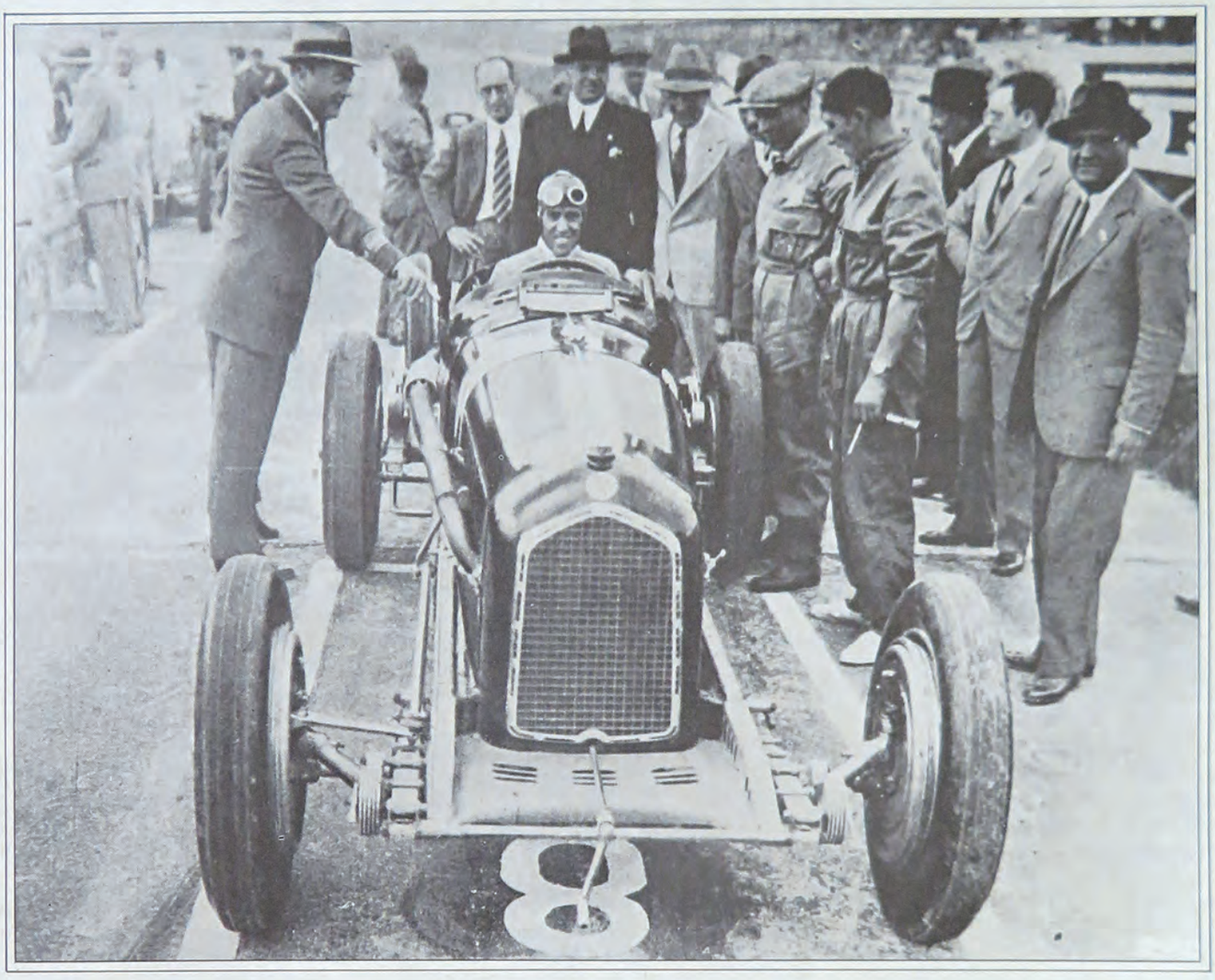
A sailor is spinning a yarn to a lovely lass sharing (at a discreet distance) a homely sofa.

There is a nice self-advertising touch about this poster, which has unfortunately become torn through time and wear. Stuck to the domestic mantelpiece is a picture of the same scene, but it advertises the Turret brand of Navy Cut. And there's a packet of Turret within easy reach of the girl's hand. I can only conclude that she smokes Turret and he smokes Vanguard.

Straightforward masculinity appears in the warlike posters for St Julien and British Pluck. These are the stern but compassionate men who formed the ideal élite of pipe-smokers. The same men, though with different aims and different costumes, who excite the woman's page editor of today. Eva Gabor would have thought these men were darlings. And said so.

Maybe the Alfa secret is in the driving-mirror

It makes you look distinctly like Nuvolari



Even in their family cars, the Milanese have hotly held on to the zizzy power that made Nuvolari the lion of the racing circuits/Motoring by WB

There's something about an Alfa, there's something about an Alfa, there's something about an Alfa that is fine fine fine. As every Romeo has at some time or other sung to his Giulietta.

The fascination of these twin-cam, five-speed cars from Milan is difficult to express in words. But it certainly is there. Alfa Romeos are – irresistible. I suppose it is because they seem to breathe the very atmosphere of sporting, exciting, motoring, with more than a dash of hot sunshine and slim senoritas thrown in. Never mind that before middle-age she will have grown plump and blowsy. You are not intending to stay with the girl that long. Never mind if the sun shines only until mid-afternoon. All Alfa Romeos are weather-proof, these days.

The fact is that an Alfa Romeo is a motor-car for the enthusiast, for the man who enjoys driving, who likes to live. In this it is so different from the Consuls and Vivas which are industriously polished on the surburban plot on Sunday mornings preparatory to taking the family of Mr Average-Man to the sea or to tea with Cousin Freda that afternoon. Come to that, an Alfa Romeo, with its eager-blipping engine and cheeky grille still retaining the original Alfa badge, is something of a status symbol. Not everyone, by a long English pound, can afford a Ferrari, Maserati or Lamborghini or wishes the two-seater arrogance of an E-type. But Alfa Romeos come pretty competitively-priced these days from the fine new British Alfa Romeo Centre near the Edgware Road crossing on the North Circular Road; the crossing most Londoners know as 'Staple's Corner', because they make bedding of that name close by.

I think Alfa allure stems very largely from the facts that the Milanese Company has very seldom made a non-sporting model and because it has packed in a great deal of highly successful motor racing in the comparatively short span of time during which it has been with us. Unlike Fiat, and Wolseley and Mercedes and Peugeot, to quote at random, Alfa Romeo origins do not date back to the mists of motoring antiquity. Only from 1919 or there-abouts. If you want chapter and verse there is a learned book, a fat tome, by genial Peter Hull of the Vintage Sports Car Club, which will provide these in full measure. Let us for the purpose of this discourse say that hardly had it emerged from the ALFA era after the World War One Armistice than the *marque* began to make a fine impression in motor racing circles. This racing reputation advanced until Alfa Romeo was one of the World champion automobiles. It was with the 2-litre supercharged straight-eight twin-overhead-camshaft P2s that the first fruits of full victory were tasted. That involved a linking of the illustrious Milanese make with the great contemporary racing drivers like opera-singer (in an amateur way) Campari, Brilli-Peri, Enzo Ferrari himself and Antonio Ascari, and cost the life of the last-named ace, when he was leading the field in the French Grand Prix.

It was this P2 Grand Prix Alfa Romeo that gave the firm the Manufacturers World Championship in 1925, and caused them to add the famous laurel-leaf emblem to a rádiator badge which was already outstanding by reason of the serpent swallowing a man.

What a car that P2, designed by talented Vittorio Jano with the assistance of Luigi Bazzi. And how one would like to see a P2 run in 1970's Historic Racing Car contests. Alas, all these beautifully proportioned, two-seater racers have vanished, or are now museum-bound. But in their day they belted out 140 bhp at 5,400 rpm and ran all before them. Perhaps they started the tradition that all Alfa Romeos inevitably have twin-cam engines. At all events, this is the case, even for Alfa Romeo commercial vehicles. I do remember, years ago, Marcus Chambers, he who got that Rootes Hillman Hunter into first place in the London-Sydney Marathon, taking me for a drive in his 1925 or thereabouts Alfa Romeo drop-head coupé and of how we opened the bonnet expecting to find a racing-type engine and discovered, instead, a push-rod power unit. But then this was a long time ago, when even, come to think of it, the fast 22/90 Alfa Romeos had their upstairs poppets prodded by push-rods. But, ever after, the twin-overhead-camshaft engine has been the hallmark of the Alfa Romeo and I only hope the trend persists in the forthcoming Baby Alfa with which Milan threatens us . . .

These days, when you can casually drive an overhead camshaft, or a couple of them, by rubber belts and when Fiat and Vauxhall have methods of making tappet-clearance adjustment innocuous even with an upstairs camshaft, the use of racing-style valve gear is on the increase – look at its effective use by Fiat, Vauxhall, Pontiac, Rover, Peugeot, Mercedes-Benz, Lotus-Cortina Austin Maxi, Hillman Imp and what have you. Alfa Romeo don't do it the easy way. They drive their twin oh camshafts by chain. They use a system of tappet adjustment which involves dismantling the whole camshaft assembly for re-shimming. But, once set, those tappets can be relied upon to keep their distances accurately for the life of the machinery between overhauls. And as saving a few hundred lire in production costs and absolute hush from beneath the bonnet have never been major criterions to those who design and make the Alfa Romeo, such methods seem quite in order for the Alfa you and I are going to enjoy in 1970.

I have seen the keen-eyed blue-overalled mechanics building up these watch-like engines with the loving care and enthusiasm usually encountered only in a racing-engine assembly shop. Only to strip them down again after they have been run-in and run-up on the test bench, in order to ascertain that all remains well, within. Under meticulous circumstances such as these it is hardly necessary to query whether the chain-drive to the twin oh camshafts will stretch or become noisy, or whether the tappets have been set up with the correct clearances . . . Anyway, the fact is that Alfa Romeos have for years and years used racing-type engines, built up with racing-style care, for their production cars.

Like Mercedes-Benz, Alfa Romeo have proved equally at home in sports-car racing as in Grands Prix. Indeed, their exploits in races like the strenuous Mille Miglia, our Ulster TT, the 24-hour Le Mans race, etc. represent some of the finest hours for the sports cars from Milan.

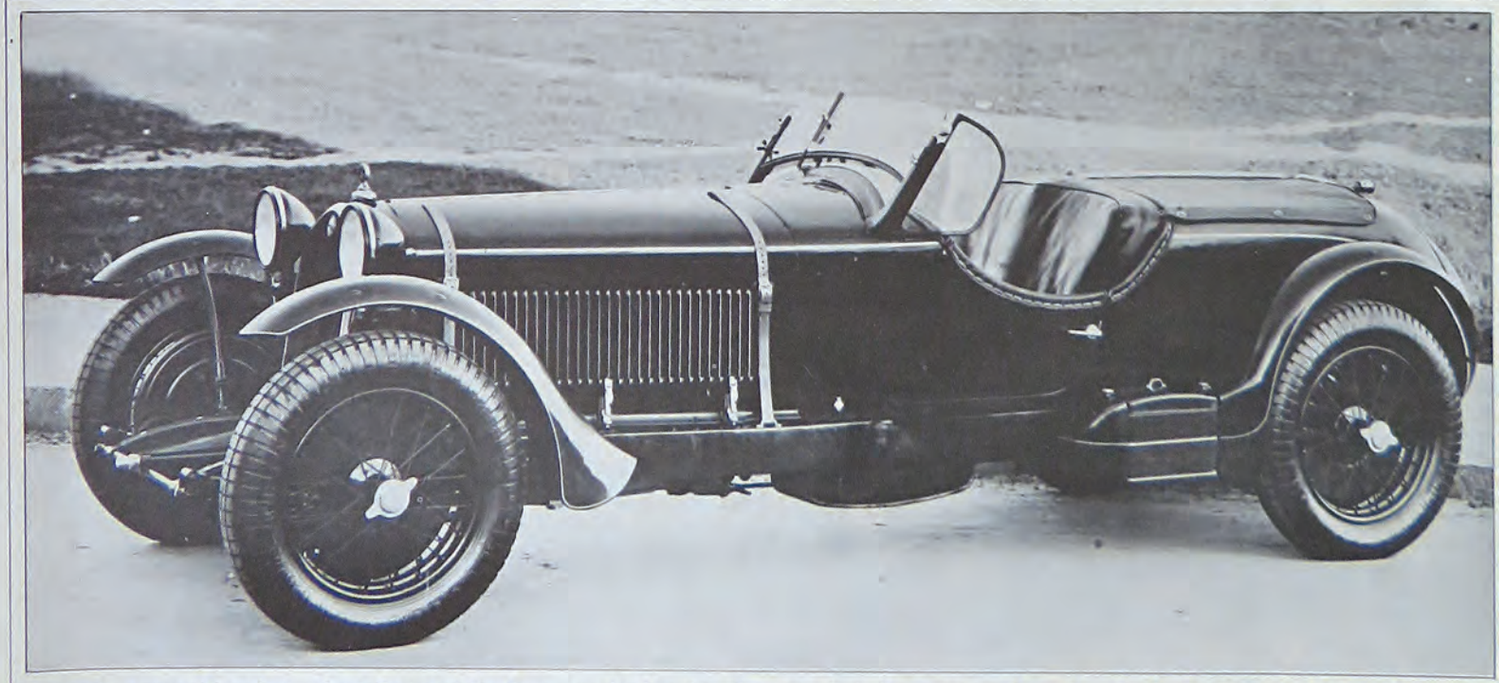
Nuvolari, Varzi, Farina, Borzacchini, Marioni, Chiron and the Lord Howe drove to victory in sports/racing Alfa Romeos, from the blown 1500s and 1750s to the magnificent 2.3-litre straight-eights with the drive for the camshafts (twin overheads, no less) coming up centrally between the cylinders.

That led on to the classic *monoposto* Grand Prix Alfa Romeo, perhaps the finest GP cars of any era, with an engine which poked out 180 bhp in twin-blower 2.6 litre form. With one of these, Nuvolari beat the might of the new Hitler-inspired German teams on their home ground in the memorable 1935 German Grand Prix at the sinuous Nurburgring.

Enzo Ferrari himself led the Alfa Romeo racing fortunes from 1934. It was to try to combat the menace of the very powerful, lightweight German Mercedes-Benz and Auto-Union racers and record-breakers that Alfa Romeo thought up and built two fabulous *bimotores,* racing *bolides* with a big eight-cylinder in-line engine at each end. They proved too much even for Tazio Nuvolari to tame, but he did get records with one of these mechanical brutes on the *autostrada* at speeds in excess of 200 mph. But when one was brought to Brooklands, inspite of weeks of painstaking preparation, it never did capture the coveted lap-record. It was too powerful, too cumbersome, for the British banked track.

I have recounted all this racing background because I think it still enhances Alfa allure, today. Before the war the sportsman had to decide between a blue Bugatti and a blood-red Alfa Romeo, choose for instance between a Type 43 or a blown 1750. In 1970 the problem just does not exist in the new-car market, because Bugatti is dead. (Rumour speaks of a revival, with shapely Bugatti horseshoe radiator hiding a modern Ford engine – horrid!)

But you can still shop for a brand new twin-cam (of course) Alfa Romeo. There is the 1300TI, which lacks some of



Opposite page: Nuvolari, who infuriated the Germans by beating them on their home ground, at the wheel of a Tipo B (P3) Alfa Romeo in 1932. Above: at Le Mans in 1934, the 2.3 litre straight-eight 8C Alfa. Drive for the camshafts came up between the eight cylinders

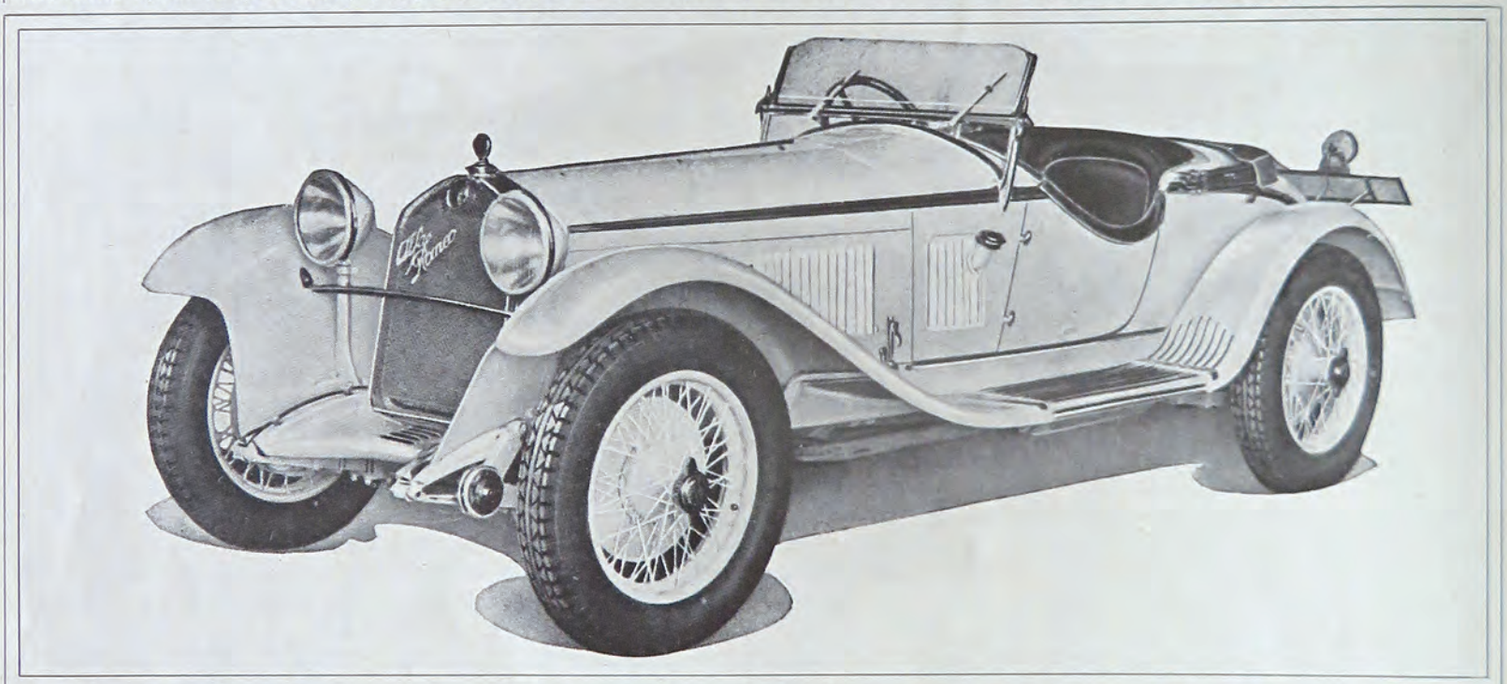
the fire an Alfa should possess, but enables you to own one of these delectable automobiles for as little as £1,199 in this duty-protected English market. Mark you, if I say lack of steam, this is but a performance comparison, because this most modest of models from the Via Gattamelata can do 97 mph and give you 0-60 mph acceleration in 15.3 seconds, from a four-door four-seater berlina, or saloon.

You can get this version in convertible form, for £1,749. This comes a bit costly, I consider, for an openable two-seater in a country where umbrellas are the everyday wear. A better buy, perhaps, is the Giula 1300GT, which has the same 1,200 cc (twin-cam, of course) engine and 2+2 closed bodywork, for the same outlay. Moreover, it tops the ton in maximum speed (should you be taking it abroad) and cuts the rest-to-mile-a-minute time by two whole seconds.

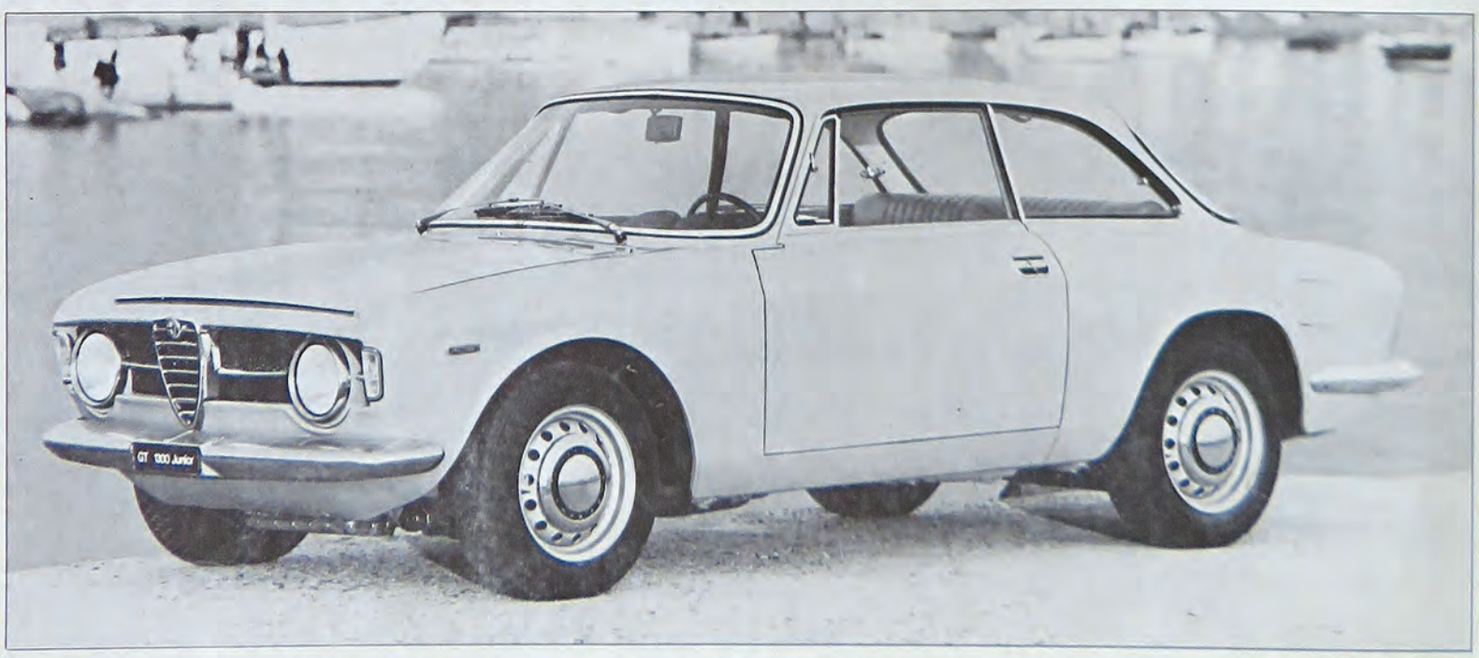
To motor in real Alfa fashion however, I recommend the 1750s. They are actually of 1,779 cc (with twin-cams, need I say!) and the comfortable saloon version which sells here for £1,850, will waft up to over 110 mph in speed-limit-free terrain (of course) and get that 0-60 time down to under 11 seconds. Better still, you can have it in GT Veloce form, with 118 mph maximum speed. I enjoyed a GTV Alfa earlier this year but it will cost you £2,300. There is also an openable version, at £100 less, called the Spyder.

It's not just that these Alfas go. They do that, but they also have suspension which contrives to be both supple and road-clinging at the same time, in a manner not matched by the springing of any other car in quite the subtle Alfa Romeo combination. They have very good all-round disc brakes. They have impeccable steering. They have five-speed gearboxes with a ratio for all occasions (even going backwards). They have (twin-cam) power units which rev-up like racing units, exude life and sparkle, but which are docile, economical and reliable, and no more than a bit excitingly zizzy in sound. Difficult for me to express Alfa allure in words. You want to get behind the wood-rimmed wheel of one and stir the purposeful gear lever about, and feel the ready response of the engine. Alfa Romeo are expanding fast in their native Italy. They are making great efforts to do so here, with Italian-trained mechanics to look after the beautiful machinery they are anxious to sell you.

If you are tempted, just ring my friend Barry Needham at the London Alfa Romeo Centre, or any of the many Alfa agents, say you read Mayfair and think you may fall, and I think they will do the rest. And that you will! They are twin-cam motors, remember?



An original Alfa Romeo Spider Zagoto 1750 of the 1930-32 period, when Milanese sports cars first made their mark on major circuits



Today's Alfa Romeo 1300 GT, with twin cams and 2×2 bodywork, can top the ton and hits 60 mph from a standstill in 13.3 seconds

1.
2.
MERRY CHRISTMAS MR SCROOGE!!!
3.
WHAAAT!!!
4.
GET BACK TO WORK YOU IDLE, GOOD-FOR NOTHING...!!!
5.
CHRISTMAS! BAH... HUMBUG!! BAH!
6.
CHRISTMAS INDEED MUMBLE MUMBLE
7.
CHRISTMAS! HUH
8.
HUH!
9.
BAH! BAH!!
10.
HUH
11.
HUH!! CHRISTMAS!
12.
HUH INDEED.
13.
HUH!! BAH!
14.
HUH! ZZZZZ
15.
16.
17.
18.
19.
20.
21.
22.
23
24
25
26
...I TELL YOU DOC' I THINK IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING I ATE....
27

ILLUSTRATION BY JUDITH HOWARD

A New Bed for Nostalgia Night

Fiction by Mervyn Price

He felt incredibly nervous. He just didn't know what she expected of him. But then she dropped her dress

He hesitated when he saw Lucy on the corner of Leather Lane and Market Street. She was just coming out of a chemist's shop as he was crossing the road. He would have turned and walked away but she saw him and her mouth fell open. 'Bill!' she called. He tried to look surprised and pleased.

'Good God, Lucy,' he said. 'What are you doing here? I thought you were still up in the frozen North.'

'No,' she said, 'we came back down about three months ago.' Her eyes fell. 'Jim's mum died,' she said.

'I'm sorry,' said Bill. 'How is the old freak?' She smiled. 'Fine,' she said, 'fine.'

There was an embarrassed silence. He didn't know what to do. He felt ridiculous, standing in the middle of the pavement.

'Let's go and have a cup of coffee or something, shall we?' he said.

It was strangely unreal talking to her again. He'd completely lost touch with Jim and Lucy, by accident, the way these things happen. Nothing was done after they'd gone up to Newcastle to stay near Jim's mother, no letters sent or received, and that was it. Jim had sent Bill his address once, but Bill had lost it. Bill was always losing things. Like his wife Irene, for example. They'd all been students together, the four of them. Jim and Bill and Lucy and Irene. They'd had some great times.

The two marriages had taken place within three weeks of each other. It seemed the natural thing for them all to do, get married. Jim to Lucy, Bill to Irene. It had always been that way, the four of them. Irene left Bill after eighteen months. She'd gone off to Portefino with some odd Italian.

Nothing was the same after that. The eternal foursome became the embarrassed threesome. It was a relief to all of them when Jim and Lucy moved to Newcastle.

Now, over coffee, Lucy told Bill she was working in an office, not far away.

'What are you doing now, Bill?' she asked.

He shrugged. 'I lost the job at Cloudwaters,' he said. 'I work in a camera shop now.'

'Near here?'

He gestured vaguely. 'Down the road.'

'We went back to the old place. You weren't there.'

'It was too much . . . for just one, I mean.'

That embarrassed silence again. 'Here,' she said, 'I'll give you our new address. We're trying to get out of it actually, it's real hell, but places are so difficult to find in London now, aren't they?'

'Pretty difficult,' he said.

'Yes,' she said, as she wrote the address down. 'We're going to get out of here pretty quick, I can tell you. I've never lived in such a place!'

'What's the matter with it?' he asked.

'It's not so much the place. It's the people, a right crowd they are. There's these students, practically beatniks, they are, coming and going all the time and people staying who don't live there. And they come into our room without asking and everything and always borrowing things and never giving them back. Oh, its dreadful! Jim makes it worse, you know how he is, he just can't help but be friendly.'

'I know,' he said.

It was three days later that he decided to go and see them. It had been his afternoon off and he spent until closing-time in the pub. He was very depressed. Seeing Lucy again had in some way brought it all back. He bought a bottle of rum and wandered out into the street. He thought he would go back home and get really smashed but all of a sudden the idea didn't seem so good.

'Go and see Jim and Lucy,' he muttered to himself. 'Lay the ghosts. Let them know I'm all right now.'

It took him all afternoon to find the house. He caught several wrong tubes and missed quite a few stops. It was six o'clock before he found the right road.

He felt he had walked miles. He had. He had refrained from opening the bottle of rum and was quite sober.

Funny sort of place for beatniks to live in, he thought, looking up at the house.

From Lucy's description he had imagined some sort of seething tenement. The house was, in fact, very quiet and respectable looking. There was even a big plane-tree growing in the front garden.

It was Jim who answered the door to him. His cheerful face split in a grin.

'Well, hail the conquering hero comes!' he said. 'Come in, man. Come in!'

He led the way up a musty flight of stairs. 'Looks all right from the outside, I know,' he said. 'But the bloody place is falling down about our ears.'

'Lucy tells me you've got some pretty queer fellow-tenants,' said Bill.

Jim shrugged. 'They're just kids,' he said. 'Students. First time away from home and all that. Don't know how to look after themselves properly.'

He led the way into a large sitting room on the first floor of the house.

'It's a weird set-up here,' he said. 'The house used to belong to some old lady who popped off. The heirs don't have much use for it so they let it out, but they haven't done any conversions or anything. The place is much the same as it was. This room, for example, it doesn't actually belong to anyone so it's pretty much disputed territory.'

Bill looked around the room. There were garish posters on the walls and there was a guitar propped up in a corner. By contrast a small table in another corner was neatly laid out with a chequered tablecloth and small wicker mats.

'Lucy likes to eat in here,' he said. 'She doesn't like it in the bedroom. You know how she is.'

'Yes,' said Bill.

'You'll be staying of course,' said Jim. 'Lucy cooks even better than ever now. She'll be in in a minute.'

'Okay then,' said Bill.

He produced the bottle of rum from his overcoat pocket and put it on the table.

'I was sorry to hear about your mother,' said Bill, sitting down on the sofa.

Jim shrugged. 'We knew it was coming.'

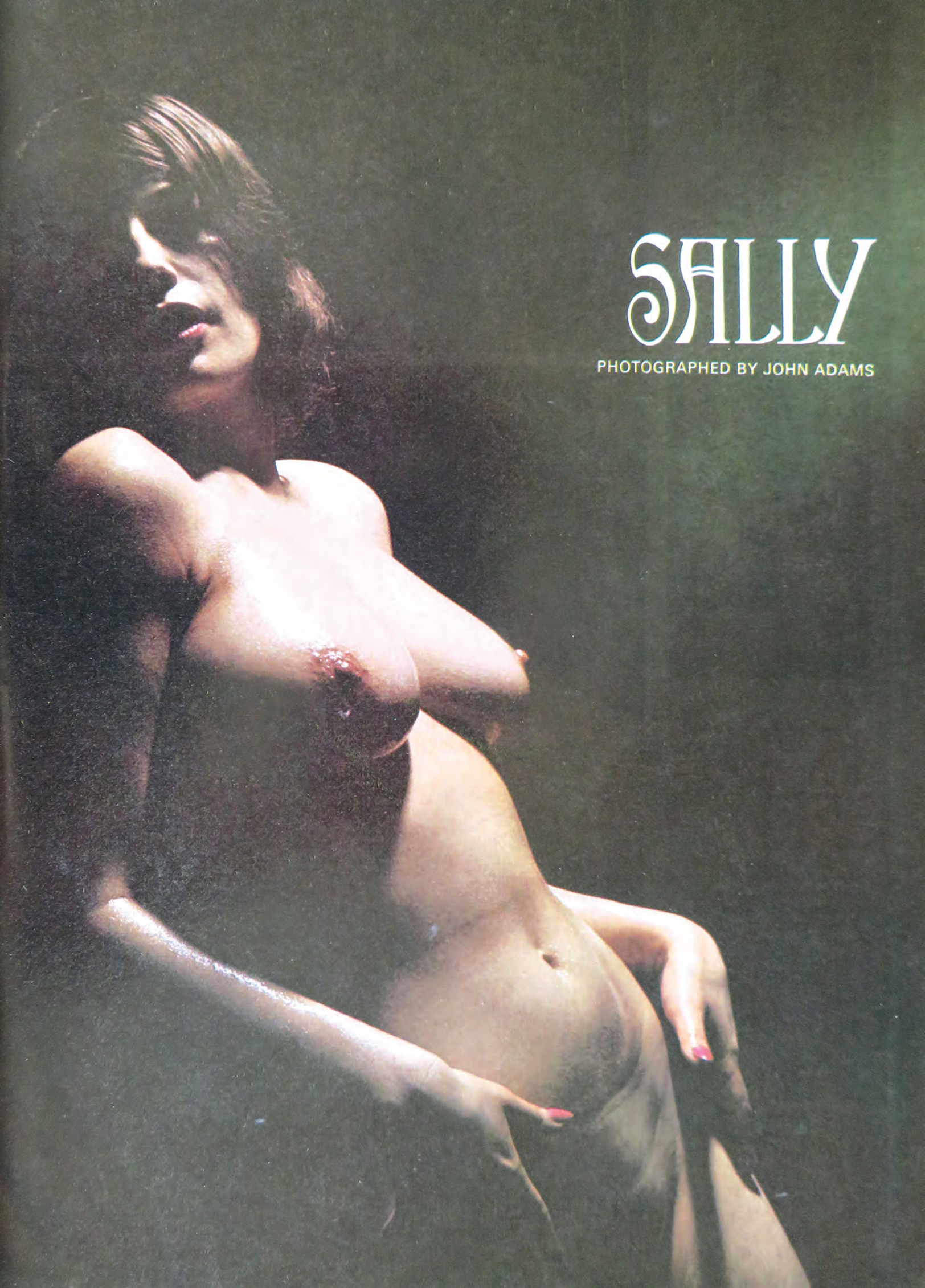
Lucy was pleased to see him. To his surprise there was little uneasiness or embarrassment in the situation. The only bad

moment was when Lucy said: 'Oh, it's so nice us sitting down to a meal together again. Just like old times!'
Bill looked down at his plate and Jim shot his wife a warning glance.
Irene was never once mentioned but Bill was constantly reminded of her. She was conspicuous by her absence, both in the flesh and in their conversation.
Most of the time Jim and Lucy talked about the students who shared the house with them. They were Lucy's obsession. Bill got the impression that she looked on the fine big house as her own. The students were unwelcome intruders on her privacy, pests, vermin, like a tribe of human rats whom she could not be rid of. To Bill there was something amusing in the situation. He couldn't help smiling at Lucy's obvious indignation at the students' loose ways.
'We'll have to eat up quick,' she said. 'They'll be in soon. Honestly Bill, it's dreadful. They come in and sit here while we're eating and stare at us, all drooling, and this fool husband of mine will insist on giving them our food.'
Jim looked uncomfortable. 'What else can you do?' he said. 'They don't seem to know how to cook; they live on fish and chips and cans of baked beans most of the time.'
'How many of them are there?' asked Bill.
'Four of the sods, basically,' said Lucy. 'But sometimes there's five or six. You don't know whether you're coming or going! You come in here in the morning and there's someone sprawled out on the sofa. There's this one girl, my god, she's dreadful . . . isn't she dreadful, Jim?'
'She is pretty bad,' said Jim.
'It's unbelievable. She borrows all my things and makes a mess in the kitchen and never clears it up! She comes into our room and sits watching television . . . We've got a little fourteen-inch . . . "hello" she says, and plumps herself down with her beads and her daft little bells round her neck. You can't tell her. You can be as rude as you like and she just smiles up at you and tells you you've got a nice nose or something . . .'
Both Bill and Jim burst out laughing.
'No, though,' said Jim. 'She is a right menace.'
'Maybe she's just lonely,' said Bill.
Just then there was the sound of the door opening and someone coming up the stairs. A breathless silence fell. It was like something from the theatre, the three of them waiting. The door of the sitting-room was pushed open and a girl in a beige coat came in. She was remarkably pretty.
'Hello,' she said.
'Hello Dianne,' said Lucy brightly.
The girl stood in the doorway, her hand on the lintel, just looking. She stood thus for a good few seconds. Then, with a little smile, saying nothing, she turned and went away.
'That was her!' said Lucy.
Bill was surprised. She really was a remarkably good-looking girl.
'She does things like that,' said Lucy. 'Just comes in and looks at you. It's horrible!'
'How about a drink then,' said Bill. 'To celebrate our reunion.'
'Let's go to our room,' said Jim, 'this place gets pretty crowded of an evening.'
Really Bill would have liked to have stayed in the sitting room and perhaps talk to the students. A little party, like. He found something claustrophobic in his friends' obsession with privacy.
Still, he thought, they have to live with it all the time. It's understandable, I suppose.
He felt relaxed and happy. Despite everything it was good to be with Jim and Lucy again. He had so few friends, these days.
They drank some of the rum and watched some television. Bill noticed that both Jim and Lucy drank very slowly. They were obviously only drinking to be polite.
'I was drunk when I bought this,' he said, indicating the bottle. 'If I'd thought about it I'd have got something more sensible.'
As an afterthought he added: 'I like rum, though.'
At nine o'clock there was a little knock on the door. It was immediately pushed open and the girl, Dianne, came in.
'Hello,' she said.
She sat down on the foot of the bed, without saying a word. Lucy looked at Bill as if to say: 'There, what did I tell you?'
It was a strange and ridiculous situation. The girl seemed to be breaking every rule of convention and politeness that existed. Despite this there was nothing in any way offensive about her. She just didn't realise that Jim and Lucy weren't used to people behaving in such a manner. She was obviously used to a sort of free-and-easy communal existence where people living in the same house quite naturally walked in and out of each others rooms. Really it was Jim and Lucy who were the odd ones out.
He couldn't help feeling sorry for them. They had been transplanted into this environment due to some house-agent's whim. They had put down their deposit and Lucy had thought, what a nice old house, plane tree in the garden and all, if I meet one of the other tenants on the stairs we'll just nod and say hello.
Instead of which they had been set down amid a bunch of scruffy students. Not so scruffy, though. She really was very nice.
'Would you like a drink?' he said.
She smiled at him. 'What is it?' she asked.
'Rum.'
She sniffed the bottle suspiciously. 'It smells nice,' she said. 'I don't think I've ever had any before.'
'I'll get a glass,' said Lucy.

'Excuse me, is this tuffet taken?'

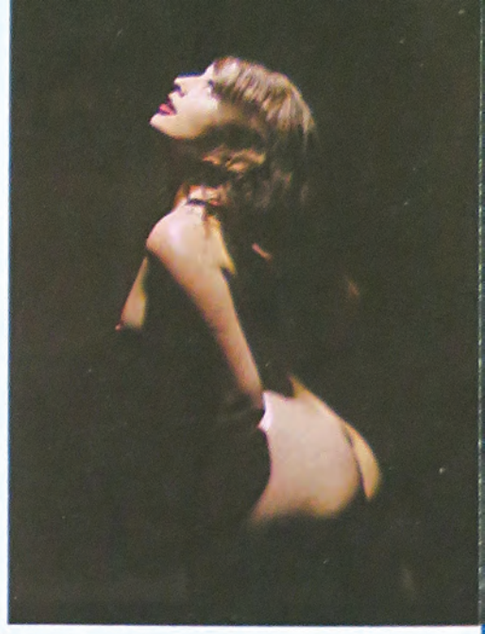
Bill couldn't help smiling. Poor old Lucy! She was completely beaten by the situation. She would have done anything to get rid of the girl but she was bound by politeness and convention.
Bill looked at the girl. 'Yes,' he thought. 'My word, yes!'
She had an attractive little pixie face and big almond eyes. Her thick brown hair hung down to her shoulders and her figure beneath the soft grey dress she wore was of a childlike softness and roundness that especially pleased him. The skirt of the dress was very short. Its hem, as she sat there, cut a neat line straight across the extreme top of her thighs. Another fraction of an inch and all would have been revealed.
She sipped the rum experimentally.
'Oh,' she said. 'It's very nice. Like sweets.'
Bill wondered if Lucy's dislike of the girl was due to jealousy, because of Jim.
Despite her seemingly forward behaviour the girl was obviously very shy. She didn't seem to be very interested in the television but looked around the room, rolling her glass between her fingers. His eyes caught hers and she smiled.
'I'm going to sit on the floor,' she said. She did. She slipped off the bed and sat cross-legged on the carpet, almost at his feet. She looked up at him and smiled again.
He was in a quandary. Dianne was *persona non grata* with Jim and Lucy and, as their friend, he was, he supposed, expected to share their attitude towards her. There was nothing he felt less like doing. He imagined how pleased he would have been if the girl had walked into his own little room.
The evening wore on. They drank some more rum. At about eleven o'clock Lucy began to yawn loudly.
'Getting late,' said Jim. Bill said nothing. The girl said nothing.
'You can stay if you like, Bill,' said Jim, after a pause. 'There's the sofa in the front room. It'd be a long way home for you.'
'Yes,' said Bill. 'Maybe I will.'
They had another round of drinks. Lucy left most of hers, Bill noticed. At about half-past eleven Jim said:
'I'm knackered, mate. I think we'll turn in now, if you don't mind.'
'Okay,' said Bill. He looked at the girl who was still sitting at his feet. 'How about us going somewhere and finishing off the bottle?' he said.
'All right, then,' she replied.
They rose to go. Goodnights were said. Bill followed the girl from the room.
The hall outside was in pitch darkness. He could just make out the slim grey shape of her in front of him. He followed her, without a word, as she led the way across the hall and opened a door at the other end.
It was a large room, almost totally devoid of furniture. There was just a bed against one wall and a dressing table in the corner covered in a fantastic mess of make-up, hair-pins, tissues. There were no chairs.
She sat on the floor again, cross-legged, her wrists resting loosely on her knees. Her minute dress was hitched right up and he could clearly see a little triangle of pink

turn to page 83


SALLY
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ADAMS

Move into the light. She moves there, shadow obscuring everything but the stark essential shape of her breasts and soft-rising belly. Now lie down. Shift your hips round. Part your lips. She does these things, in silence broken only by the shirring noise of a shutter. It's Sally Dixon you've got pinned down here, under the lights, the iridescent oil outlining a prodigal spread of thighs, a breast hard and gleaming as porcelain. Sally's body, 39-25-37, has an undiluted female power

to it, and she's only too aware of it. Mount that pole, and she mounts it, thighs sliding backwards and forwards over its slippery surface. It's a body that *moves,* that needs the shifting of lights and angles to express just what it is that Sally Dixon has. It's the kind of body you come across in dreams, half-hidden in warm darkness, but exuding its own sensuality. After hours in the unreal light of the studio where she turns and twists, you can imagine that this is a dream, of an erotic

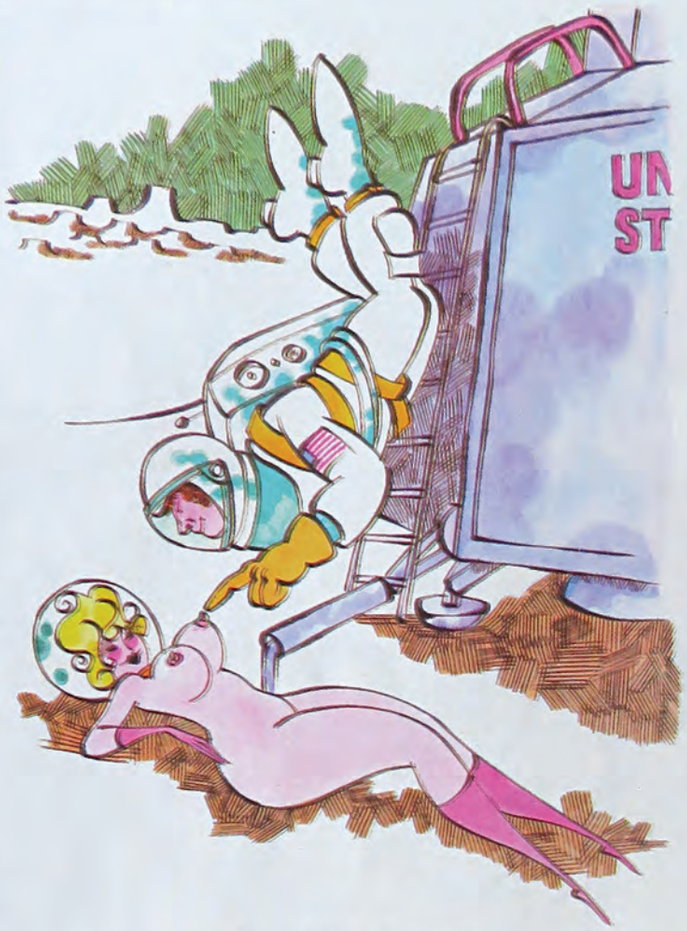


and very private kind. Even Sally's plain and practical attitude doesn't break that feeling. She's 23. She doesn't argue when you tell her to lift up her head and part her thighs so her tights are stretched to their utmost. It's part of what she understands you're feeling. And what are you feeling now? Sally's smile is nearly concealed by shade, but it's been smiled just for you

'Liftoff'

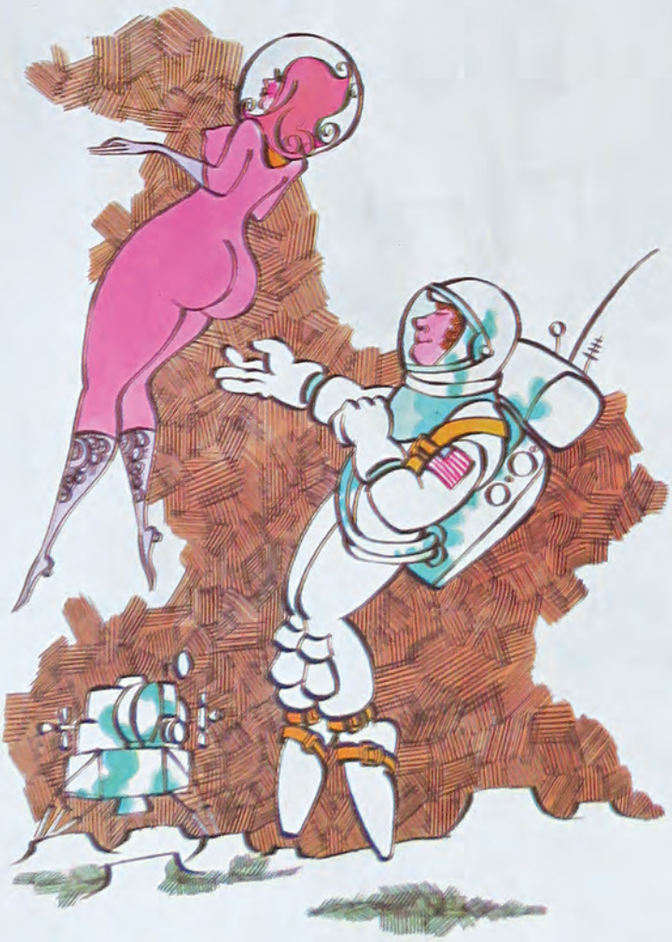
THE LUNAR LANGUAGE OF LOVE

Can you make sense of that mystifying astronaut jargon? Colin Leary has left nose cone unturned in his efforts to understand it. Maybe it's just his ribald mind, but to him it all seems to have a lascivious double meaning



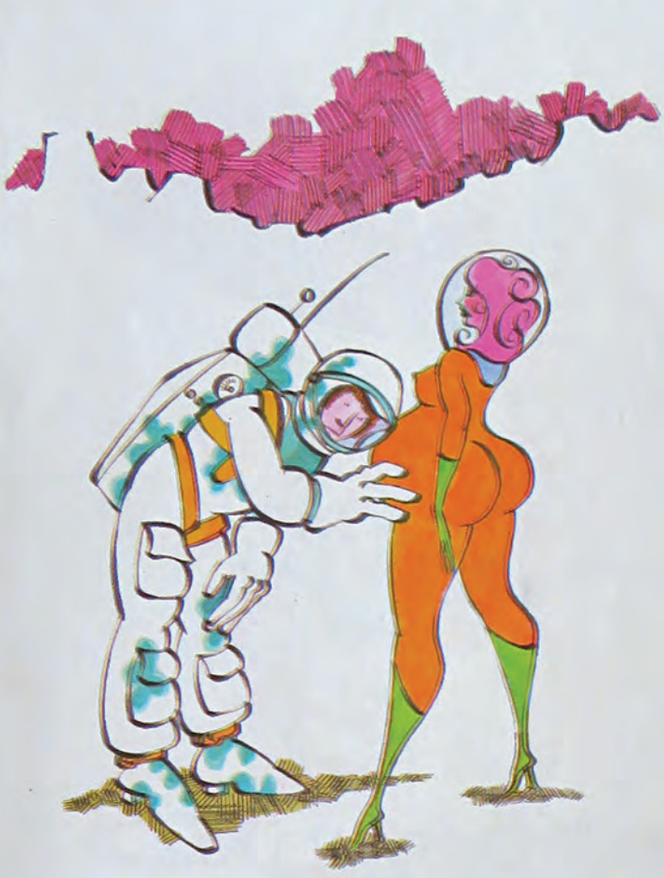
'Touchdown point'

'We copy you down'

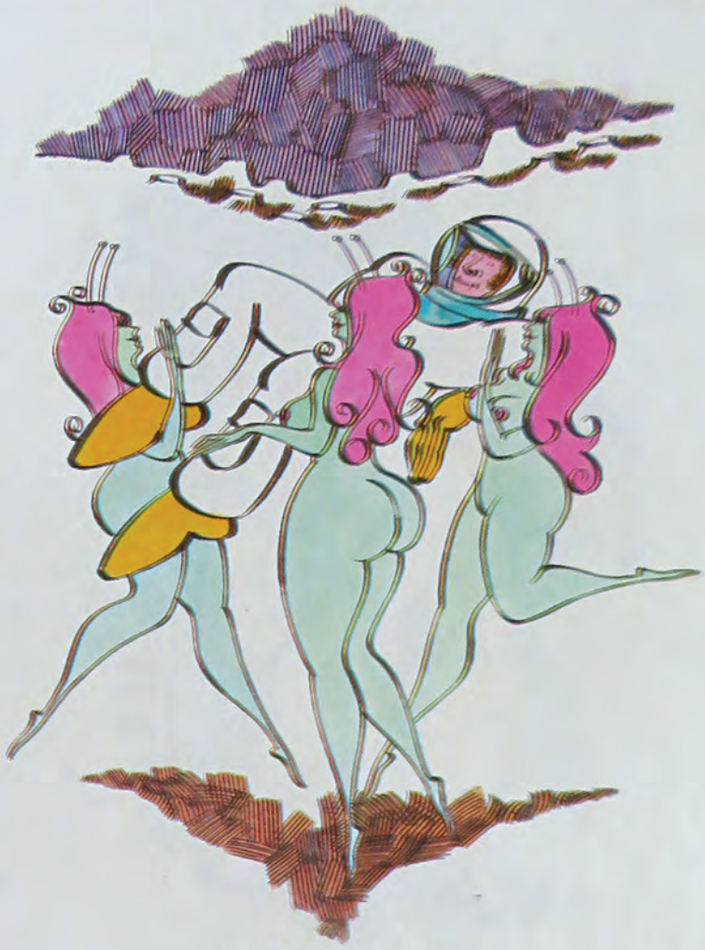


'Manually controlled propulsion'

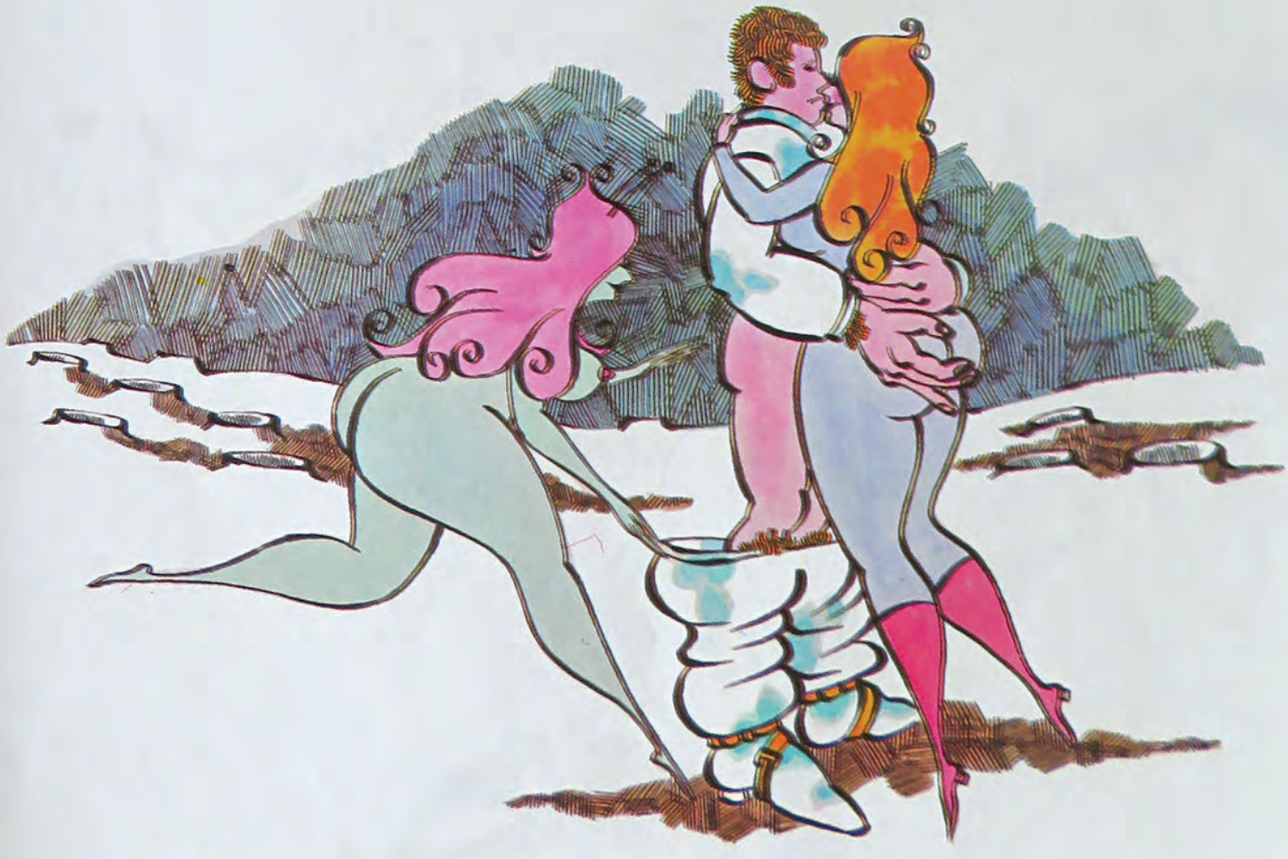
'Energy feedback'



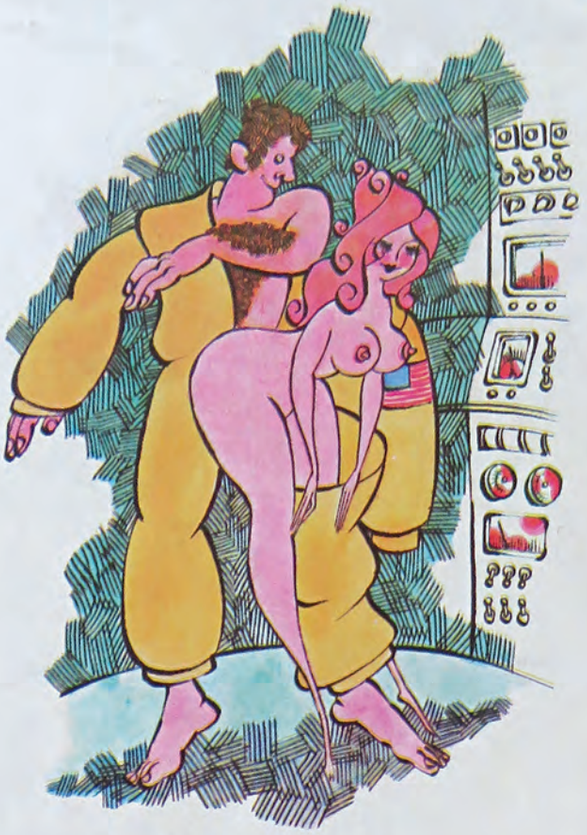
'Exploration probe'



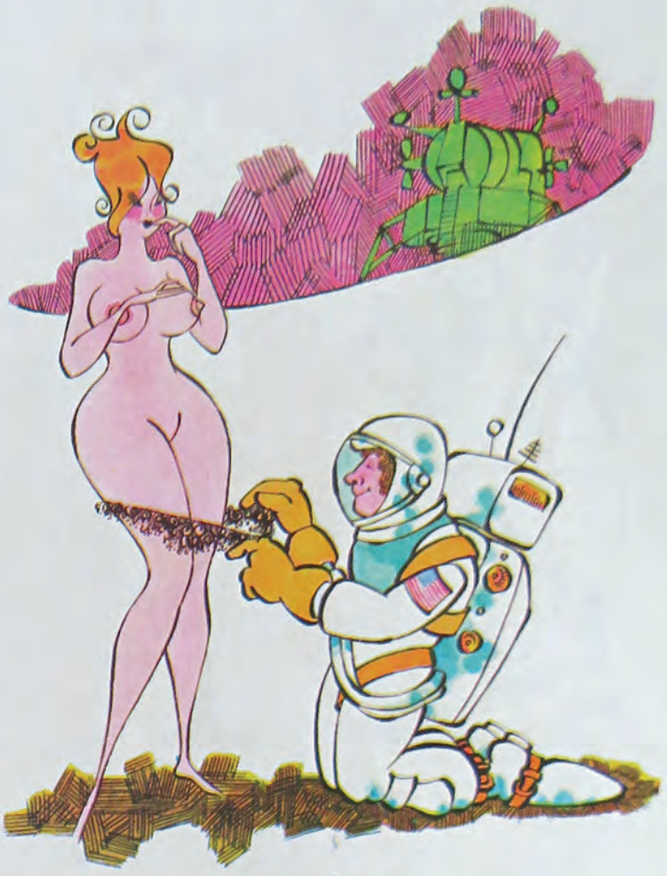
'Mobility aids'



'Extra-biological interference'



'Re-entry manoeuvres'



'Descent stage'

'Splashdown'

QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Two

How do you first meet – and make love to – a girl? In this survey, Quest looks at the problems of getting to know women from first encounter to sexual intimacy.

The most important finding is that, in today's bed-sit society, there are many girls who are highly susceptible to a sympathetic approach from almost any man.

No elaborate seduction is necessary; in fact some girls react to high-pressure approaches with a great deal of suspicion.

Through its candid medium of personal interview with girls from varying backgrounds, Quest concludes that most of them respond willingly to a few simple and friendly words, spoken with some confidence

INTRODUCTION

Last month, Quest discussed how men and girls communicate their desire for each other when they have just met for the first time. Equally as important though, are the problems involved in forcing a first meeting with a girl.

Two main factors generally affect the likelihood of meeting and getting to know girls; personality and environment.

Personalities differ from individual to individual, making it impossible to lay down a hard and fast rule for improving self-confidence.

What this Quest report does, however, is to map out some basic information on the way that a number of ordinary girls behave and react. It goes some way towards providing the raw material which a man could use in the development of his technique in meeting girls.

Environment is a more easily definable problem – and a problem which can even be helpful to the single man.

Our urban society today is more restless and itinerant than it has ever been. Large cities have a sizeable floating population of both men and girls, their ages ranging from 15 or 16 upwards, who have detached themselves from their families in search of better-paid work and independence.

This floating population settles in flats and bedsitters and rooms in areas where there is little community spirit. People are on the move too often to form a local identity. Consequently, most of them at some time or another experience loneliness.

The single man, though perhaps lonely himself on occasions, can use this situation to his advantage. Girls get just as lonely as men; and Britain's cities are crowded with girls who are open to sympathetic approaches from men.

This is the background to the way the girls in this survey think and act, and it is a background that a man can have in mind when considering approaching a girl.

A girl's loneliness when it is caused by environment can be far more desperate and demanding than loneliness engendered by a shy personality. A girl who is alone in a large city does not even have the benefit of family and platonic friends, and her isolation is constantly being emphasised by the couples she sees all around her.

It is therefore important to remember that a girl like this is not just looking for a sexual partner. A man who takes her to bed and then ignores her will only exacerbate her feelings of hostility and loneliness. She is looking for a friend, *confidante*, social partner, and lover – all in one.

Every man is capable of being at least one of these; and within this framework he can develop the relationship on to a sexual level. Not all girls, of course, will be met in such circumstances, but the hyperbole of the urban situation has some valuable lessons. Girls will respond more often and more deeply when they believe that a man can fulfil a particular rôle in their life. It is up to the man himself to decide what excuses a girl is prepared to give to her conscience. Often he has no information to work on, and must draw her into giving him information.

But, elementary as it seems, it should be remembered that there are two people in any relationship. If they are both working towards the same end, then the problem is not one of how, but of how quickly.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Secretary, 19 years old, brunette, town of origin Purley, Surrey**

This interviewee left grammar school at the age of 17 to work as a shorthand-typist. She had shared a flat with two other girls, but then moved to a bedsitter where she lived on her own.

Quest: What made you move into a place on your own?

Secretary: I suppose it was because I couldn't bear living with the other girls. I'm just like that. They always left the flat in such a mess. You know, they'd have a meal and leave all their filthy dishes lying around. The bathroom was always stuffed with old Kleenexes, and they never cleaned the bath. And they used to come in late, when they knew I had to get up and go to work the next morning, and start playing the record player or having a shouting match. I couldn't stand it any more. I always get desperate when I don't get enough sleep, and I felt as though I was living in a zoo.

Quest: Did you have many friends in the city when you moved?

Secretary: Hardly any, except the people at work.

Quest: You didn't have a boyfriend?

Secretary: No, I didn't.

Quest: Wasn't it lonely?

Secretary: It wasn't at first. I loved it at first. I got this little room in a quiet road. It was the first place that was really mine. I put posters on the walls, and I had flower arrangements all round, and I picked up a second-hand armchair – it was terribly thirties, but it was really comfortable, and it made it seem like home. At least, even when I was feeling a bit depressed, it was somewhere I could come back to and be myself, without people getting at me all the time.

Quest: Did you make any attempt to find boyfriends?

Secretary: I went to a discotheque once or twice, but it was miserable because all of the boys there had girlfriends. I remember walking along by myself one night after I'd been there. I went down by the river, and you could see all the streetlights upside-down in the water. I saw a boy standing on his own, leaning on a rail and smoking. I wondered if he'd talk to me, but he didn't. I walked quite slowly past him, but he didn't even turn round and look at me, as far as I could see.

Quest: How often has this happened to you – that you've seen a boy on his own and wished he would talk to you?

Secretary: I don't know, countless times. That's the stupid thing about a city. Everyone's dying to talk to everyone else, but somehow they just don't. I once went up to a boy I saw sitting in the park, and when I asked if I could sit next to him, he thought I was mad, or a prostitute. He sat there shuffling his feet and left after about two or three minutes.

Quest: Have there ever been any more successful times?

Secretary: It depends what you mean by success. I was picked up by a man once when I was getting off a bus. He offered to carry my shopping. He said his name was Kevin, and he was just over from Ireland, and he loved music, and he wished he had someone to show him around the concert halls and everything. God, that man could chat. I ended up asking him in for coffee, and then he took me out for a meal. It wasn't much of a meal; just a few strands of spaghetti down at the local bistro. He thought that gave him the right to sleep with me, and in a way I suppose it did. I needed his company and that was the price I was prepared to pay for it.

Quest: What happened?

Secretary: Well, after the meal we went for a drink. He kept pressing me to have a brandy. He thought he'd have to get me drunk, I suppose, but I can't stand being tiddly. He put his arm round me, as though I'd already agreed to be his girlfriend. Then we went back to my place, and we sat around and talked for a while. He was sitting in the armchair and I was sitting on his lap. He put his hands round me and undid my dress, and squeezed my breasts with his fingers. I leaned back and kissed him. He was very attractive, and I suddenly felt I really needed him around, and I was scared of him leaving me alone. There was nothing in me saying that this was wrong, that I didn't love him. I just wanted him as close to me as possible.

Quest: Then what happened?

Secretary: I lay on the bed, and he got out of the chair and came and lay next to me. I was kissing him and stroking his hair, and I lifted my legs and gripped him round the waist with them. I was rubbing myself against him, and I could feel him getting excited. He began to tug my tights and my panties down at the same time, and I closed my eyes because somehow I didn't

want to see myself next to him with no clothes on. I was feeling peculiar. I gripped my legs round his body again, and bit his lips when he kissed me. Kevin stripped off his clothes quite quickly, but I didn't look, I kept my eyes closed, and I didn't know he was naked until I felt him. He kissed my stomach and my thighs, but he never took my bra off. I don't know whether it was because he was just not interested in my breasts, or whether he just couldn't be bothered that much with me. He was in me almost as soon as he was undressed, and it was very quick, and furious, and we were threshing all over the bed, and once I had to bite his arm to stop myself making a noise. I needed Kevin physically, but I don't know whether making love to him was the right thing to do. Afterwards he lay there and smoked a cigarette and hardly even talked to me. He'd been all chatter before we made love, but now he'd dried up. Perhaps he was worn out, but I don't think so, because halfway through the night I woke up and found him starting on me again. He'd actually begun to make love to me before I was awake. I'd been lying there on my stomach and he'd pushed my thighs apart and started. I made him leave at six in the morning, and I didn't even give him a cup of coffee.

Quest: What effect did this incident have on you? Did it put you off picking up men?

Secretary: For a bit it did. I had a bit of an emotional crisis. I began to feel I'd lost my identity, and that any man in the world could just come and sleep with me and go away again, and that I wasn't anybody at all, just a slave to be used for sex.

Quest: How long did this last?

Secretary: One day I just began to feel better. I was away from the office, collecting a letter for my boss. I remember it was a super sunny day, and everybody looked happy. I got infected by it. I had to go into this huge office building to collect the letter, and it wasn't ready so I had to wait for it. There was a man there, I could see him through a sort of glass partition, dressed in these very severe business clothes, and I suddenly felt attracted to him. I began to imagine what he'd be like without any clothes on, and I got amused and friendly-feeling at the same time. I can remember how friendly towards him I felt. He was just talking to a client or somebody, blissfully ignorant. I suppose, in a way, that's the trouble with a lot of men you meet, they don't know you're attracted to them, they don't believe in just picking up someone in the street, or at a station, they don't believe it happens, or if it does, it doesn't happen to them. I only wish they knew how wrong they are.

Two **Student, 22 years old, blonde, town of origin Southampton**

This interviewee was studying for a degree in English at a provincial university. She lived in at the university, and had many friends, but she had started her course later than most of the students in her year. Subsequently she found herself excluded from their society by her age and her feeling that she was more experienced and mature than they were, socially and academically.

Quest: Do you ever get lonely?

Student: You can't really be lonely at a university, there's too much going on all the time, but I miss London and the people I knew there. You know, it sounds dreadful to say this, but everybody here's so young. They're all talking about life and reality, but they haven't got the faintest clue what it's really all about.

Quest: Do you have a boyfriend at the university?

Student: Not a serious one. I've been out with one or two of them.

Quest: Do you find meeting boys is a problem?

Student: Meeting decent boys is. What happened was I was at school and I couldn't get a place at university because of my A-levels. So I moved up to London and spent three years doing odd sorts of jobs, waitress stuff mainly, I mean none of that's anything very special, but at least I met people who knew what was happening. I shared a flat with an actor and his wife, and we used to have the most tremendous evenings. —— —— was round at our place once, and I mean you never get the chance at university to meet someone like that on their own terms. They're either lecturing to you or patronising you. Do you know what he did, he tried to put his hand up my skirt when I was in the kitchen making coffee. If that happened to any of the girls here, they'd talk about it for months afterwards as though it was the greatest thing that ever happened to them. But to me it was just another man trying to get off with me.

Quest: You didn't have any difficulty meeting men when you were in London?

Student: I suppose I could have done if I'd been on my own, but staying with the people I did, I sort of got into a circle of people, and it's all right if you can manage to do that.

Quest: Did you sleep with many boys?

Student: I'm not a sleeping-around sort of person. I've seen what happens to people who do that, girls who do that. They get old when they're only nineteen. There's a girl just across the corridor from me at the university who's like that, she's got dark rings under her eyes and everything. I shouldn't be surprised if she's had the whole male population of the university in her bedroom at one time or another. She asked me the other day if I liked plating boys. You know, just like that, this stupid little girl of eighteen, trying to be all sophisticated. She's going to look like an old bag when she's thirty.

Quest: Nonetheless, you have slept with a boy?

Student: I had a long, long affair with a boy I met when I was working in a restaurant. I don't really want to talk about it very much. It's still a bit painful. It was all rather stupid.

Quest: Do you make any particular effort to meet boys now?

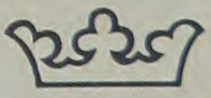
Student: I try to get to London every weekend, but I don't know whether I'm particularly looking for boys. I sometimes go and stay with these people I used to share a flat with before, this actor and his wife, but they're travelling a lot now.

Quest: Do you usually manage to find a boy to go out with when you're there?

Student: Not usually. I had a sort of brief encounter with a boy one weekend, but I haven't seen him again since then, and I don't know really whether I will.

Quest: How did you meet him?

Student: I went to Kensington Gardens one afternoon, just for a walk. I watched them flying kites for a bit, and had a look at that tree all carved with elves, you know, the one Spike Milligan did, and then I sat down and listened to the band. I don't know what band it was, just one of those oompah-oompah brass bands. Anyhow, I was sitting in my deck-chair, and I could see this boy staring at me from across the other side – there's a ring of deck-chairs round the bandstand, and he was across the other side. He watched me for ages, and I kept glancing across at him just to show him I wasn't totally sort of disinterested. Then after a bit he came over and sat next to me, after this fat lady next to me had gone, and asked me if I had a light. It was funny, I suppose. I mean, there were about forty other people there all smoking, and I wasn't even smoking. So I said no, I didn't have a light, and he said well that's all right because I don't smoke anyway. We went and had tea together down in a café at Palace Gate, and I had mushrooms on toast. He said his name was Jeff, and he was working in London for an exhibition display firm. I think he had to



Swedish film club

Swedish film club specialized in luxury production wants to establish contact with English collectors and clients.

ADULTS ONLY.

Please write in English enclosing £1. (by International Money Order) for membership documents and postage.

BETA Department 1 Fack Stockholm3 Sweden

design stands or something a bit like that.
Quest: Did he make any physical advance to you?
Student: He held my hand, and he put his hand on my thigh when we were in the café, but he wasn't pushy or anything. He asked me if I'd like to come up the Bayswater Road and look at the paintings on the railings, so we went up there. He knew quite a lot about art and paintings and that, because he told me exactly which pictures were worth buying and which weren't, and why. You don't often meet boys who know that kind of thing, he was really interesting.
Quest: What happened then?
Student: I asked him back to the flat, because my actor friend and his wife were both out, and I thought I could cook him some supper. We had Spanish omelettes, and then we sat in the living-room and played some records. I was sitting on the floor and he came over and kissed me on the top of my head, on my hair, and then he sat down next to me and pulled me down on the floor with him. We didn't say anything at all practically, there was just this terrific music filling the whole room. He pulled my jumper off over my head, and I suddenly realised I was blushing like mad, but he was ever so gentle. He put his arm under me and unclipped my bra, and started to kiss my breasts, and he rolled my nipples between his fingers to make them stand up. We were kissing very hard, you know, pushing our tongues in each other's mouths as far as we could, and I could feel his hand straying down between my legs. My skirt was all ridden up anyway, and he rubbed that bit of my tights where they stretched across, so I could just feel the ends of his thumb and fingers on my panties. Then he put his hand down inside my panties and touched me with his finger and squeezed me a little bit there.
Quest: Did you respond to him?
Student: I didn't want to. I mean, I wanted to, but I didn't know if it was all right. I'm not on the Pill or anything. So I opened his trousers and gripped him as tight as I could. I didn't want him to feel frustrated, but I knew I couldn't go the whole way.
Quest: How did he behave afterwards? Did he appear resentful or withdrawn?
Student: No, he didn't, not at all. He was very nice afterwards, very comforting. He stayed around until my actor got back, and

TABLES (*results in percentages*)

Question One
How often are you free enough from personal relationships to accept advances from men who are complete strangers to you?
Always 15; Often 50; Not very often 20; Rarely 10; Never 5.

Question Two
When you are free, what kind of relationship do you generally seek?
One evening only 5; Quite casual 15; Steady 70; Don't Know 10.

Question Three
Have you ever gone out to a party or club with the deliberate intention of meeting a new boy?
Yes 70; No 20; Don't Know 10.

Question Four
When you meet an attractive man for the first time, do you ever wonder what he looks like undressed?
Yes 40; No 50; Don't Know 10.

Question Five
Do you ever imagine him:

	Yes	No	Don't Know
Putting his arm round you	85	10	5
Kissing you	85	15	—
Touching your breasts (through clothes)	35	45	20
Putting his hand on your thigh	40	50	10
Touching you intimately (through clothes)	25	55	20
Putting his hand inside your blouse	35	50	15
Putting his hand inside your panties	15	80	5
Undressing you completely	65	25	10
Making love to you	70	25	5

Question Six
Do you ever imagine what his genitals look like?
Yes 75; No 20; Don't Know 5.

Question Seven
A man you meet shows no immediate interest in making love to you, but as the evening progresses, he does. Another man you meet makes it clear from the beginning that he wants to seduce you. Which approach would you prefer?
No immediate interest 75; Immediate interest 20; Don't Know 5.

Question Eight
Do you think it is up to the man to make the first sexual approach when you meet for the first time?
Yes 25; Not necessarily 55; No 20.

even talked to him for a bit. I don't think the fact that he hasn't written or phoned me means very much. You can't put too much meaning on everything, can you?

Three **Schoolgirl, 17 years old, blonde, town of origin Watford**

This interviewee was studying for her A-levels in the sixth form of a large comprehensive school. She had changed schools after her parents moved from another part of England, and consequently had few friends. She still lived at home.

Quest: You've found it difficult to make new friends?

Schoolgirl: Well, I've made quite a few at school, but not many outside school.

Quest: Do you have a boyfriend at the moment?

Schoolgirl: Well, there's hardly anywhere to go in this town, it's dead quiet, and there isn't even a coffee bar open after eleven.

Quest: What kind of boys do you like?

Schoolgirl: Oh, I don't know, I wouldn't mind someone who was a mixture between David Hemmings and Paul Newman.

Quest: Have you ever made love with a boy?

Schoolgirl: I haven't actually, no, not actually made love.

Quest: But you've petted with boys?

Schoolgirl: A bit. I used to have a boyfriend in our old town, and we used to play around a bit. We always used to think we'd get married, we'd been going out ever since we were about thirteen, but when he got older I didn't like him so much. He started going round with a crowd of really peculiar blokes.

Quest: Do you agree with sex before marriage?

Schoolgirl: Well, it depends what you're like, doesn't it? I mean, some people have got a sort of sense of responsibility about it. I think if you really love someone, and you're going to marry them, then it's all right.

Quest: Would you sleep with a man before marriage?

Schoolgirl: I don't know, really. I suppose if I met the right bloke.

Quest: What efforts have you made since you've been in your new school to meet boys?

Schoolgirl: Well, I know the boys in my year, of course, and I went out with one of them to the pictures, but they're all a bit young for me. The trouble is I don't really know any of the older boys.

Quest: Do any of the older boys attract you?

Schoolgirl: There's one of them in the upper sixth, he's really fabulous. I mean, some of them are awful, but I quite fancy this one. His name's Gordon. He's captain of the athletics team, so you can imagine what kind of muscles he's got.

Quest: Have you made any attempt to show him how you feel?

Schoolgirl: I've talked to him once or twice, but you can't just go up to a bloke and say 'I fancy you', can you?

Quest: Have you tried to give him any other indication of how you feel?

Schoolgirl: Well, I've sort of tried to catch his eye sometimes and other things like that.

Quest: What are you hoping he'll do?

Schoolgirl: Well, I've seen him looking at me sometimes, and I'd just like him to say something nice to me. I think he has noticed me. We were watching a school athletics match the other evening, and he was there and he came up to me and asked me how I thought our school was getting on. He looked really fabulous in those white sort of running shorts, and I tried to look at him all gooey-eyed and that, and laugh at everything he said. I'm sure he was trying to think of something to say. He sort of put his arm on my shoulder for a bit, just sort of absent-mindedly, but then one of the masters called him and he went away.

Quest: So you think he may be as attracted to you as you are to him?

Schoolgirl: I don't know, I really don't, but I think he must be. I don't think he's got a girl-friend, although he might have one that I don't know about. He's quite sort of quiet and that.

Quest: How strong are your feelings for him? How far do you think you would be prepared to go with him sexually? Would you let him touch your breasts?

Schoolgirl: I don't know, I can't say really until he's actually sort of done something, but I think I might, I don't know. Petting's all right as long as you keep control of yourself. I was reading something about that in a woman's magazine, someone wrote in and said was petting all right, and they said it was if you could trust yourself enough.

Quest: Have you had sexual thoughts about him?

Schoolgirl: I don't often think about things like that, I mean girls don't.

Quest: But you have on occasions?

Schoolgirl: It's a bit personal. It's not even as if we've even been out together.

Quest: Did you have a dream about him?

Schoolgirl: It was more of a day-dream. It's not much, really, it's a bit silly. I was thinking about him in the history lesson, when we had a class essay to write. I finished early, before any of the others, and I was just sitting there thinking about him, that's all.

Quest: What did you think? I'd like to know.

Schoolgirl: Well, it sounds ridiculous, but I started thinking about him wearing his running-shorts, you know what I mean? They're ever so tight, so you can't help noticing. He's probably had them since he was in the juniors. I kept thinking about them and what would happen if I went down there when he was in the changing-rooms or something. I started imagining myself going down there after school and watching him take his clothes off through a crack in the door, and seeing him without any clothes on. Then I'd walk in, and just sort of stand there with my arms out, and he'd come and take me in his arms, and I'd sort of nuzzle up against him, and give him a bit of a feel, and then he'd take my blouse off, and I wouldn't be wearing a bra or anything, and he'd start sucking my breasts, my nipples I mean, and then he'd undo my skirt and I'd just have these frilly lace panties on, and he'd slide them off, and then I'd lie down on the floor, on a bed all made out of towels and coats and stuff, and he'd lie down on top of me and we'd make love. That's what it was, I mean that's what I was thinking about. When that lesson finished, I was miles away. I felt dead funny, all sort of miles away.

Quest: Did this dream have any physical effect on you?

Schoolgirl: It made me feel a bit sexy, but that was all. I suppose I felt a bit frustrated afterwards.

Quest: This was a day-dream. If Gordon actually approached you, do you think it could become a reality?

Schoolgirl: I've thought about it, sometimes I think I'm going to dare to go to school without any bra on, and perhaps sort of rub up against him in the corridor, but I never do. I actually put my blouse on one morning with no bra underneath, but you could see my nipples poking up, and my mum would have gone mad if she'd seen me, and I expect half the masters would too, they're a dirty lot. Or perhaps sometimes I think I could go without any panties on, and bend over in the corridor when Gordon's getting his books at his locker, so he'd just glimpse my bare bottom, but then there's always about fifty other people in the corridor at the same time, and I don't want half the school seeing me do that. I just want it to be sort of between me and him, do you know what I mean?

Quest: What are you now waiting for

GENUINE DANISH FILMS

Direct from Copenhagen. Specialists in 8 mm luxury colour. We wish to establish contact with British collectors and clients.

ADULTS ONLY

Please write in English for details

THE SCANDINAVIAN FILM CLUB
Gardes Alle 23, 2900 Hellerup
Copenhagen, Denmark

Gordon to do? Do you have any idea?
Schoolgirl: I don't know, I really don't. I could get someone to tell him I feel keen on him, but that's second-year stuff. I want him to chat me up, I suppose, that's all.
Quest: How sure are you that he feels any attraction for you at all?
Schoolgirl: I'm not sure, but I think he does. You can't ever be sure, can you, until someone says one way or the other.

Four **Public Relations Consultant, 30 years old, brunette, town of origin London**
This interviewee had been brought up in France and England, and had returned to France during her early 'twenties to work for an import-export firm. She had been engaged to a Frenchman, but after the engagement was broken off, she returned to England and a 'series of spasmodic affairs'. She lived alone in a large flat, and was earning in the region of £3,500 a year.
Quest: Do you find it difficult to meet attractive men?
Consultant: That's a two-pronged question, isn't it? I don't find it all hard meeting men. After all, business is crawling with them. I do find it more of a problem meeting men who are attractive to me.
Quest: What sort of man do you find attractive?
Consultant: Good God, I could write a book about that, and I probably will do one day. The kind of man who absolutely has me breathless is the kind of man who can come up to me and say – although not in so many words, of course – I find you attractive enough to take to bed, and *then* to take out to dinner. You see, I think the whole seduction system is *loaded* against women, absolutely loaded. Most men give you dinner first, as a kind of softening-up process, and then think that gives them droit de seigneur. Whereas the most flattering kind of affair is the one where the man thinks you're not only good enough to quench his desire with, but to converse with *after* he's quenched his desire.
Quest: That sounds like a theory you've thought out pretty well.
Consultant: Mmm. I've had long enough to think about it.
Quest: Do you find your tastes are restricted to men of a particular sphere, or are they more random than that? Do you think that anybody with sufficient perception could pick you up anywhere?
Consultant: Darling, I'm willing to be picked up on Platform Five of Euston Station if it's the right man.
Quest: Has this ever happened to you?
Consultant: On Euston Station? No, I'm afraid not. Although I once got a *very* naughty wolf-whistle from a porter.
Quest: What I mean is, have you ever met a man in a totally unexpected situation?
Consultant: There was a time . . . It sounds frightfully toffee-nosed, I know . . . but there was a time when I was picked up in the South of France. By an Englishman, actually, in case you're going to accuse me of miscegenation. I was only there for a week. I'd been doing a job for a client who was opening an hotel down there, and wanted to catch as much of the English tourist trade as he could. The job finished on about the Tuesday, and I didn't have any appointments in London until Friday, so I thought I'd give myself a little holiday. What I used to do was toddle down to this very secluded beach in the afternoons and have a swim. I love that. It's so much better than having a shower. I'm going to build myself a house on a Greek Island one day, and have a bedroom that overlooks the sea, so I can plunge stark naked out of bed into the surf.
Quest: Tell me about your Englishman.
Consultant: Oh, yes. I'm sorry. I went down to the beach on Thursday afternoon, and it was so hot that I thought I'd have a swim in the buff. There was absolutely no-one around as far as I could tell. I left my things on the beach and swam out a little way, but when I turned to come back, I saw this *man* standing on the beach, looking at my bathing things. Well, I mean, there in front of his nose was my bikini, so it was quite obvious I was *nude*. I prayed to God he'd go away, but he didn't. The fellow had the damned cheek to sit down right by my bathing things, light a cigarette and start reading a newspaper. That's when I knew he was English – he was reading the *Express*. I dog-paddled as near to him as I could, and held my hands over my breasts, and shouted out to him to go and hide behind a sand dune while I put something on. He looked up and called back: 'I'd rather not.' Those were his exact words. It was absolutely infuriating. I told him he was something less than a gentleman, and a bit of a sod to boot, but he just went on reading his damned paper. Anyway, I couldn't go on swimming around like a bloody porpoise all day, so *out* I came, holding one hand between my legs and the other hand over my nipples, and strode up to him.
Quest: What was his reaction?
Consultant: He was a bit nervous, actually, I think, but he'd made up his mind which way he was going to play it. I told him I supposed he thought this was all very funny, but he said he didn't think so at all. I vaguely recognised him from the hotel bar the evening before, when a whole lot of us had been talking, and I suppose he must have heard me say where I went to swim. I asked him to get out of the way so I could get to my clothes, but he did the oddest thing. He smiled at me and said: 'You're just like a mermaid. You've got a little tail.' Of course, the seawater had made all my hair wet, so it had gone into a long point. He said he'd look the other way while I dressed if I had a drink with him, and there wasn't much I could do except agree, although I was fuming. I struggled into my bikini as quickly as I could, and kept up an absolutely stony silence as we went to find a bar.
Quest: Were you really as cross as you tried to show him?
Consultant: Definitely, at first. He had me over a barrel right from the beginning, and that's not the kind of situation I particularly go for. I like to pick my man at leisure. But after we'd had a couple of daiquiries, I must say I cooled down a bit. He was a very intriguing person. He told me his name was Michael, and he was a local government official; he worked in the planning department at ———. Now, if you'd told me I was going to fall for a local government official, I would have slipped you a poisoned sherry, but a man's job is really only as interesting as he makes it. We didn't talk about town planning much, of course, but what he said about it was quite fascinating, he was so *enthusiastic*. I learnt quite a lot from him, I must say. I'll be a bit more sympathetic to councils in future, when they put up those hideous lamp-posts.
Quest: Did he make any advances to you?
Consultant: At first, none, not at all. He was hardly the same man he'd been on the beach. He was nice, reserved, polite. I think he must have plucked up quite a lot of courage to do that, and that's what intrigued me about him. Or perhaps I felt flattered that he should have gone to all that trouble.
Quest: You spent the afternoon together?
Consultant: Mmm. We talked, went for a short walk by the beach, and when we got really hot I suggested we go back to my hotel for a long drink and a bit of shade. We went up to my room and opened the French windows. I put my feet up on the bed and he sat in the chair, and we sucked away at our drinks. It was very pleasant. I was beginning to enjoy myself, I must say.
Quest: Then what happened?
Consultant: He came over and sat on the bed next to me, and I made *huge* eyes at him and said: 'You can kiss me if you like.' He looked quite haughty and said: 'I was going to, anyway.' This sent us into *paroxysms* of laughter, but when we'd finished laughing he was lying on the bed next to me, and he was unzipping my dress. I said: 'You're expecting a lot', and he said: 'Yes, I am.' He tangled his fingers up in my hair and kissed me, and lifted me up so he could pull my dress off. I wasn't wearing a bra because of the heat, and I only had a tichy pair of paper panties on. He put his fingers in at the side of my panties, and tore the front of them open in a slit. His hands seemed to be everywhere. Honestly, it drove me mad – in a nice way, though, I must say. They were tickling my nipples and running down my sides – you know that nerve in your side, just by your hips, he was making my pelvis absolutely jerk up and down when he touched that. I lifted my legs up over his shoulders, and rubbed

my calves against the side of his head, and then we made love – *through* my panties. We did it three times that afternoon, and it was dark by the time we went down for drinks.

Quest: How long did this affair last?

Consultant: As long as the holiday lasted. It was a holiday romance, darling. Two wayward souls brought together by the tide of circumstance. Local government official and metropolitan temptress. I don't think either of us would have wanted it to go on after we'd got back to England. It's the atmosphere abroad, you know, that makes women susceptible to affairs like that. I'm sure if the climate in England was as hot as Cannes, we'd be as randy as the Swedes.

Quest: Now what? Do you have a regular boyfriend?

Consultant: Not really. In fact, most of them are damned irregular. I can't tell you what men I like, as I say. It just needs the right man with the right amount of nerve at the right place.

SURVEY SUMMARY

What this survey shows is simply that there are girls to be met in everyday circumstances who are susceptible, because of their emotional or environmental backgrounds, to sexual approaches.

It is significant that several of them expressed sympathy and understanding with the male predicament in meeting them. There was little feeling that a man who is unsure whether an approach is likely to be successful or not is a man who is not worth knowing.

The opening approaches to most of the girls we interviewed for this survey were quite trite. There was nothing clever or elaborate about them, and the girl's responses showed that there was no need for them to be. All that was required was an opening, and then the girls were as eager to work towards the building of a relationship as the men. Where difficulties tended to arise was not in the moment of first meeting, but in the subsequent development of the affairs. A first encounter needs only a slight remark to open it; further development needs a greater understanding of what the girl is looking for. Although the girls were willing to take their relationships on to a sexual level, they were averse to relationships which obviously depended on sex and little else.

Men are often emotionally able to make love to a girl for the sake of making love to her. Girls more frequently require a whole rounded relationship. Younger girls particularly feel that they are giving 'everything', and they are not prepared to give that without feeling secure and wanted within the context of a full, and even romantic affair.

The secretary in Interview One was an example of this. A man was able to pick her up in the street with little more than a tenuous opening line. Afterwards, he was able to give her the impression that he wanted more from her than bed; but he was either unwilling or unable to continue this pretence after his initial sexual desire had been satisfied. The secretary felt cheap and cheated, and it took some time before she was again prepared to entertain thoughts of sleeping with a man.

The boy who approached the student in Interview Two was more inclined to take part in a fuller relationship – even though his lack of apparent interest in her afterwards may indicate that he, too, was giving a false impression. He seemed to be able to recognise a lonely girl, although he may well have approached many other girls unsuccessfully, and start a relationship on a comparatively hackneyed opening.

It is difficult to tell in the case of the schoolgirl in Interview Three whether she was imagining the boy's interest in her, or whether it was part of her own fantasies of desire for him. What is patently clear, however, is that if he had been inclined to make an approach, the consequences would have been rewarding for him.

The public relations consultant in Interview Four was altogether a more complex woman. We gained the impression from her interview that she was by no means as confident and secure a person as she would have liked people to believe. This is to some extent borne out by her susceptibility to a fairly simple sexual approach; although the man did recognise that with a woman of her age and character, a slightly more unusual and aggressive advance was needed. The important point of this man's seduction was that, although nervous and unsure of himself, he appreciated that once some kind of conversation has been begun, there is at least an opportunity for broadening a relationship.

There is always the risk, of course, that the girl he approaches will not wish or be able to take the relationship on to a sexual level.

But, in different ways, the girls we interviewed were willing to make their feelings clear quite early on in the relationship.

These varied examples, however, all point clearly towards one general trend. The first approach, the first few words in a relationship, need only a moment's confidence. Once this moment has been passed, a man can begin to build an affair on his appreciation and judgement of the girl he has met.

Next month in

QUEST

Girls who will . . . but not at first. Quest interviews girls who need to follow social convention before they make love to men. A fascinating study of manners, conscience and morality – and of the sexuality that can be unleashed only after the formalities have all been observed

HAVE YOU MISSED ANY OF

QUEST

Quest's detailed study of female sexuality has now been appearing monthly for over a year. In 13 parts, running into more than 86,000 words, it has painstakingly examined some of the most vital factors in the erotic response of women – covering, in many instances, totally unexplored ground

Back-numbers containing early Quest surveys are now running short. We would advise readers who wish to own this unique research work in its entirety to act now in sending for issues they may be missing.

The whole study is arranged in sequence, so it is important that each survey should be read in context with previous surveys. There will be no reprint of earlier Quest surveys, and this highly valuable and fascinating work will be available only to Mayfair readers.

Ensure that you miss none of the Quest surveys which will appear in future issues of Mayfair by placing a subscription.

A complete set of Quest will be a unique reference work to place on your bookshelves.

Turn over the page for full details and back-number coupons.

To Miss Pat Asquith
Mayfair Reader Service
95A Chancery Lane
London WC2

Please send me back-issues of Mayfair containing the following Quest surveys. (All prices include post and packaging.)

Vol. 3 No. 11
Sex at first meeting: 9s

Vol. 3 No. 12
Long-term affairs: 6s

Vol. 4 No. 1
Erotic clothing: 6s

Vol. 4 No. 2
Sex and violence: 7s 6d

Vol. 4 No. 3
Petting One: 7s 6d

Vol. 4 No. 4
Petting Two: 7s 6d

Vol. 4 No. 5
Petting Three: 7s 6d

Vol. 4 No. 6
Petting Four: 7s 6d

Vol. 4 No. 7
Stockings: 7s 6d

Vol. 4 No. 8
Breast fixation: 7s 6d

Vol. 4 No. 9
Panties One: 7s 6d

Vol. 4 No. 10
Panties Two: 7s 6d

Vol. 4 No. 11
Girls' sexual signals: 7s 6d

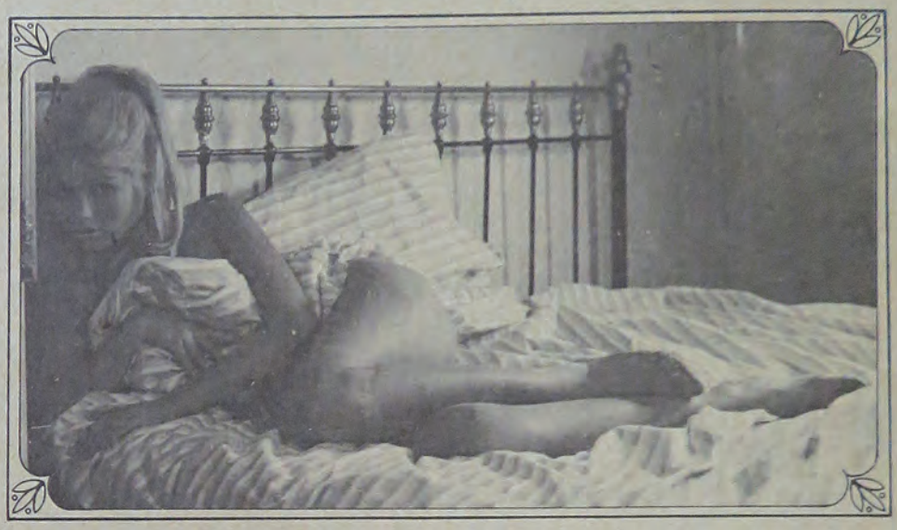
I enclose cheque/postal order for a total of .....

Name .....
Address .....
.....
.....
..... Date .....

This coupon is for your convenience. If you do not wish to cut your magazine, we shall be happy to receive your order on plain paper. Don't forget to write your name and address clearly.

412

Next Month
For Your Eyes Only



This is Janice Warburton. She's 19. Sometimes she does a little secretary work. Other times she dances at discotheques, holds supper parties, talks, enjoys herself. And she's yours. In next month's Mayfair, meet the whole warm Janice. In the way that only Mayfair could get her. Kittenish. Captious. And bare to the tips of her toes.

Yes, She Wears No Pyjamas – Ever since Marilyn Monroe, girls have dispensed with everything at night but Chanel No. 5. But what should men wear now? Mayfair presents you with night attire that'll get you in where the scent leaves off.

The Genius and his Naughty Nymphets – Algernon Swinburne was an inspired poet with a tantalising weakness. The candid story of a man whose hand was as eager to slap a bottom as to take up a pen.

The Strip Machine – Just imagine if one of today's scientists had really invented the ultimate in dream machines. You turn the handle, and it strips any girl you want completely naked.

Plus humour, motoring, fiction, Quest, and much more. At the regular price of 6s.

SUBSCRIBE-IT'S EASIER

It costs only £3 12s 0d to make sure that Mayfair is posted direct to you every month, fresh from the printer. Fill out this coupon and send it today.

To Miss Pat Asquith, Mayfair Reader Service, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. Please send me twelve monthly issues of Mayfair, starting with the next issue, for which I enclose cheque/postal order for £3 12s 0d.

Name.....

Address.....

..... Date..... 412

A New Bed for Nostalgia Night

continued from page 66

pantie in the dark shadow of her thighs. He too sat on the floor. He sat opposite her, his back against the wall, his legs stretched out. They had forgotten the glasses. He passed her the bottle.

'Umm,' she said. 'It's so sweet.'

He could think of nothing to say to her. His mind was a complete blank. He knew instinctively that all the conventional phrases and leading-up chat would be utterly meaningless and transparent to her. It was a terrifying, and at the same time, strangely comforting feeling.

So they sat in silence. There was no discomfort in it. It was as if she was waiting for something. He tried to talk to her, about anything, but her replies were short and non-committal. For the most part she just made little meaningless comments.

'Ooh yes, um. Wow.'

It was cold in the big room and he said so.

'Your friends have got an electric fire,' she said. 'Perhaps they'll lend it to us.'

'Okay,' he said. He went back across the dark hall and knocked at their door.

'It's damned cold,' he said. 'Do you think we could borrow your fire?'

Jim was in bed, Lucy sat at her dressing-table. She pointed to where the little fire stood in a corner. She said nothing.

'Goodnight,' he said again.

When he got back to Dianne's room she was sitting exactly where he had left her. He plugged the fire into the socket in the wall.

'That's better,' he said.

'Jim and Lucy are ever so nice,' said the girl. 'They're always lending me things. I like Lucy.'

He felt strangely guilty. 'I like you,' he said. To his surprise she blushed deeply.

'There's no answer, is there?' she said.

An especially long silence fell. He thought he might as well give up. He simply did not know where he stood.

'I'm supposed to be sleeping in the front-room,' he said heavily. 'I hope the sofa's comfortable.'

'Derek down the corridor has got a friend in there,' she said, smiling.

'Oh.'

It was no use. He decided to risk all.

'I'll have to stay here then,' he said. 'Let's go to bed, shall we?'

She stood up, and without saying a word, went over to the bed. Then she took her dress off.

It was done in a flash. She wore nothing but her panties underneath. He caught a glimpse of her small soft-looking breasts and gulped nervously. He began to undress.

She sat on the edge of the bed, looking at him. She was utterly natural yet at the same time there was not the slightest hint of any kind of sensual anticipation in her. She was just a girl sitting on the edge of her bed.

He felt incredibly nervous. He just had no idea what she expected of him. For a second the thought flashed across his mind that she was utterly innocent. She just did not know what was going on.

He took off his trousers. As he did so she stood and stepped out of her panties and slipped quietly into bed.

He kept his underpants on. He had an enormous erection. He did not know her, he could not reveal himself to her, like that. He thought that perhaps she just expected him to lie with her and kiss and cuddle her. He got into bed beside her, it was soft and warm, as he slipped down next to her smooth flesh she tugged gently at his underpants.

'What ridiculous things to wear in bed,' she said. So he took them off.

She seemed to avoid his kisses. She threw her arms around his shoulders and wriggled beneath him. He felt her legs extending and enclosing him. She said something in a low voice that he could not quite hear. He was almost sure it had been: 'We'll soon find out, anyway.'

He felt exultant as he entered her. She made love like a demon, no, like a child. Like both. It was wonderful.

He looked at her face as he did it to her. Her eyes were closed. She was smiling in utter contentment and joy. As they approached the climax her soft lips parted. 'Oh good!' she breathed. 'Yes, good! Good, good, yes!'

They made love together at least four times. It was fantastic. There was nothing she would not do. Each time they finished she just lay there with her eyes closed, breathing deeply, her arms about his neck.

After the third time she said: 'I'm ever so thirsty. Do you think you could get me a drink please?'

He felt incredibly tender towards her. He got out of the bed and went to find the kitchen.

In the dark coolness of the hall he stopped for a second and just stood there in the night. He had never felt more alive. Proud and naked he went to the kitchen and bore back to her a tall glass of ice-cold water.

He sat beside her and held it to her lips. She looked up at him gratefully.

'Thank you,' she said.

Some time later he was awoken by a hand shaking his shoulder. He struggled into consciousness. It was morning and the sun was shining bright.

Dianne was nestled against his shoulder, sleeping, a quiet smile on her face.

Still half-asleep he turned his head and saw Lucy there. On her face was a curious mixture of expressions, part sorrow, part nervousness. It was a kind of anguish, he thought somehow.

'It's eight o'clock. You'll be late for work, Bill, dear,' she said.

He grunted something and buried his face back in the pillow. Lucy tiptoed away. Soon Dianne woke up. They lay there together, their faces close.

'Why, she's just a child,' he thought.

He kissed her gently on the cheek. Then they made love again. Twice.

Bill was very late for work that day. Before he left the house he went to say goodbye to Jim who was still in bed. It was his day off, or something. Jim grinned at him.

'Did you take her to your bed then?'

'Ooh aye,' said Bill, imitating his friend.

He felt great, cleansed somehow. He didn't know what to do about the girl, but it didn't matter somehow. She expected nothing of him. As he had been dressing he thought he would ask her if he could come again. It was if she had read his thought.

'I'm going away to Exeter today,' she said. 'Just for the night. My boyfriend's at university there.'

It didn't affect him at the time. But later, at work, he began to feel rather sad. There had been no communication between them. Nothing but their bodies, in the bed. She would probably be able to talk to her boy-friend, he thought. To find some common ground, as he had been able to talk and communicate with Irene, when they had been young students together.

No, he thought. It was over. He had had a lucky break.

A one-night stand, he said to himself, that's what it was, a one-night stand.

As he left work he was not altogether surprised to find Lucy waiting for him, just outside. There were not many photographic shops in the area and Lucy was a clever and determined girl. He had had a funny feeling that she would want to see him.

'Hello Lucy', he said. 'You managed to find me, then.'

'Yes,' she replied. 'It's funny us working so close together, isn't it? We'll be able to meet for lunch and things. It won't do for us to lose touch again, will it?'

They went and had another coffee. She was very solicitous towards him, she seemed to be trying to mother him, somehow. In the café she put her hand on his arm and said: 'You know Bill, I don't think you're looking after yourself properly these days.'

He shrugged, 'I manage,' he said.

She looked at him reprovingly. 'You need someone to look after you. You ought to find yourself a nice girl and forget the past.'

'I've quite forgotten already,' he lied.

There was a silence. She stirred her coffee abstractedly. Suddenly she said: 'Are you going to see our Dianne again then?'

'No,' he said. 'I don't think so.' He smiled. 'I might pop over and see you and Jim again though, and if she's there, well . . .'

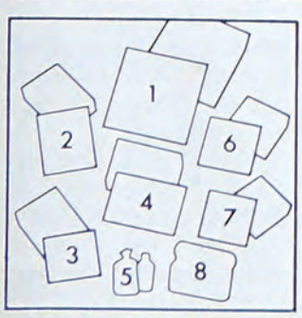
He tailed off the sentence expressively. She almost shuddered.

'I don't believe in all this sleeping around,' she said firmly.

He smiled wistfully.

'I do,' he said.

'But Eric - it could have been much worse.
The shock of being stranded up here might
have made both *of us change sex'*



1. Ref. 39541. Shaving Cream, Soap, After Shave, Talc, Cologne. £6.18.0.
2. Ref. 39507A. Shaving Cream, After Shave. £1.19.9.
3. Ref. 39540A. After Shave, Talc. £2. 3. 0.
4. Ref. 39535A. After Shave, Soap, Hairtabac. £3. 0. 0.
5. Ref. 39522A. Soap, After Shave. £1. 9. 6.
6. Ref. 39532D. Soap, Deodorant Spray. £2. 4. 9.
7. Ref. 39521. After Shave, Cologne. £1.19.0.
8. Ref. 39547. Cologne, Deodorant Stick, Hairtabac, After Shave. £8. 4. 0. (Leather Travel Kit)

A galaxy of sumptuous toiletry gift-sets for men, created by TABAC ORIGINAL to satisfy even the most critical.

Throughout the world TABAC ORIGINAL toiletries for men are held in the same high esteem – everywhere selective men know they cannot ask for better and nothing anywhere reflects more clearly your own good judgment as a giver. Choose gifts as a connoisseur this Christmas – select exclusively from the beguiling TABAC ORIGINAL range of 16 different gift sets – priced from 27/3 to £8.4.0

TABAC ORIGINAL The international mark of good grooming

Sole distributors for Mäurer + Wirtz Tabac Original preparations in the U.K.: E. G. Perrot & Co. Ltd., Magnolia House, 160 Thames Road, Chiswick, London, W.4. Telephone: 01-994 2372

I CAN DO

Any schoolboy could win prizes. But I got a

Now let's be honest. From this distance, what detail can you clearly remember about the moon landing? Not the angle of the lunar injection. Nor the exact amount of thrust needed to get into the docking orbit. It's the fact that, as a last souvenir, Neil and Buzz left behind them five bags of urine. You see? The Sunday supplement boys worked their heads to the bone for you and that's all that really stuck. I've waited for thirty years to acknowledge this basic truth, and it seems indicative of something or other that, for all the gruntings and writhings of the permissive theatre, it has taken the most expensive and least artistic of man's shows to put it across.

Those five polythene bags (why *five* anyway – surely four or six . . .?) have liberated my boyhood. The Apollo-11 people had their week of glory. I, too, had my time.

With some boys, you see, it was flannel on the chest. Or extra thick boots to keep out the rheumatics. With me it was kidneys. Whenever my mother considered I was getting a bit puffy she would take a fat glass tube from the long drawer of her sewing-machine and tip out two back-and-kidney pills.

They were oval and evil and tasted of paraffin if you choked and brought one back. Stuck round the tube, the blurred Doctor who had wasted the best years of his life to patent them looked as if he had just gagged on one. Their only effect was turn my water bright blue for twenty-four hours.

Being used to the phenomenon, I had not bargained for the reaction of spectators. As often as we dared, a boy called Jackie Stevens and I would steal a moment from the brown boredom of long-division by clamouring to be excused. In the warm companionship of ten-year-olds, we would dawdle across the school yard to the little brick shelter, discussing life and trying to spray over the wall.

On this trip, a morning after Pill Night, Jackie noticed my royal blue stream down his end of the gutter and quivered with wonder. Back in the classroom, long-division was wrecked in a tide of whispers as the news was challenged.

'You can't do it blue.'

'Can't I?'

'Nobody can do it blue.'

'All right, then.'

'No – honestly – nobody can do it blue. Can they?'

When the bell clanged for mid-morning break, the entire class tagged on behind. Jackie Stevens yelped at their heels like a press agent. With his own eyes, he declared. Blue as the exercise books.

By the time I reached the arena I had picked up some ninety followers. Forty of them

ILLUSTRATION BY FIELDVOLE

IT BLUE

standing ovation in the bogs/Emrys Bryson

jammed in with me. Another dozen perched on the roofless walls, all respectfully silent in the presence of the mystic unknown.

I let them stew for a few, heady moments. Never since, have I known such absolute power. Plenty of actors and dictators got started with less. A brief vote of thanks to the curved Doctor staring in the darkness of his sewing-machine drawer. Then the white porcelain over-ran with a Prussian flood. A liquid sky. A distilled cornflower.

There was a roar and a gabble, a heaving and a fighting as the mob outside surged in, displaced the satisfied forty and replaced the living frieze with a fresh dozen. Silence again, and again the awestruck hiss as the second house got its money's worth.

By lunchtime the whole school was obsessed. Usually a wriggling mass of jerseys, the asphalt of the playground stood grey and empty while the lavatory corner seethed. Aloof at their end, the baffled girls pretended to skip.

I performed thrice more until the bell saved me. Drinks of water were beginning to filter the full-bodied cobalt to a washed-out turquoise.

My mother was surprised when I put in a voluntary request for back-and-kidney pills to keep my popularity topped up. She was not to know that her son was forging his immortality. Average scholar, nondescript footballer, negative cricketer, I laid the foundations of a legend. Even the girls gave me sharp, awed glances. There are men today – wielding empires and captaining industry – who recall little of their schooling except being crammed into a tiny, redbrick lavatory to see a boy who could piddle blue.

Finally the headmaster, puzzled by the daily mass marches across the yard, called me to his study and asked me how I did it. He tried to sound casual but he fidgeted with the papers on his desk. I told him I didn't know.

Faced with such determination by someone five times younger than himself, the headmaster assumed an expression I noticed on every new batch of my audience, a blend of anxious disbelief and pathetic hope. For a moment I thought that he was going to ask me to show him. Then he pulled himself together, grunted and waved me out. I left him staring thoughtfully out of the window. For fear of embarrassing the man further, and with the wisdom that I had travelled to the outer rim of magic in my lifetime, I retired. I gave one, last, royal exhibition before a vast audience.

One great, true-blue splash-down in a sea of tranquillity.

GENTLEMEN, THAT REMINDS ME...

Returning home very late one night, a young typist showed her flatmate a new and highly expensive fur coat.
'How do I look?' she asked proudly.
Her flatmate looked at her long and quizzically.
'Extremely guilty,' she said.

Disturbed by reports of her daughter's behaviour, the mother gave her a stern lecture.
'I didn't sleep with a man until I married your father,' she said. 'Will you be able to tell your children that?'
'Not with such a straight face,' the girl replied.

Then there was the sexually-experienced secretary who had been coaxed into an affair with her elderly but enthusiastic boss. She agreed to spend the week-end with him if he'd take her to Paris. Her boss eagerly agreed and six o'clock on the Friday evening found them at Le Bourget.
'Where do you want to go first?' her boss asked her. 'To the Eiffel Tower, or shall we go straight to the hotel?'
The girl looked him coolly up and down. 'We'd better go straight to the hotel,' she said. 'The Eiffel Tower will still be standing tomorrow.'

Definition of a eunuch: a man cut off from temptation.

The Eastbourne express, carrying a large amount of registered mail as well as passengers, was stopped by two train robbers.
One of the robbers, waving a sawn-off shotgun at the terrified passengers, shouted: 'Right! We're going to take all the money and rape all the women!'
The other robber turned to him and said: 'Now wait a minute, let's just grab the money and get out of it.'
An old matron piped up from the back of the carriage: 'Look here, who's robbing this train, I'd like to know!'

A priest went to hospital, suffering from a stomach complaint. But, as a joke, the medical staff told him he was pregnant, and after operating on him, gave him the baby of an unmarried girl who was in hospital at the same time.
He brought up the baby carefully and lovingly as his nephew. Many years later, on his deathbed, he called the boy to him. 'Son,' he said. 'There is something I have to tell you. You've always called me "Father", and thought I was your uncle. But I am not your father, I am your mother.'
The boy was astounded. 'Then who is my father?' he asked.
'The late Rural Dean of Tissington Parva.'

An absent minded professor left his umbrella in his hotel room. He'd gone about half a mile down the road when he remembered it and returned. Already the hotel room had been taken. 'It's a honeymoon couple,' said the receptionist, 'but if you go up quickly you can collect your umbrella. They've only just arrived.' The professor went up to the door and was just about to knock when he heard the man's voice saying: 'These luscious lips, my darling. Whose lips are these.' 'Yours, my bold lover,' came the girl's voice. There was a rustle of clothing, and then the man's voice: 'Such rose-tipped beautiful breasts, whose breasts are these?' 'Yours, my love, yours,' came the impassioned reply. A creak of bedsprings. 'Such a lovely round bottom, so smooth, so warm. Whose bottom is this,' 'Yours, yours,' came the frantic reply. The professor waited no longer. 'When you come to the umbrella,' he shouted. 'That's mine!'

A dignified middle-aged couple were invited to a fancy-dress party, and decided to go as a bull and a cow. They intended to drive to the party and make a grand entrance, but halfway there, out in the rural wilds, their car broke down.
'I suggest we walk across the fields,' the husband said. 'If we hurry we won't be late.'
They were halfway across a large field when they heard snorting, and a huge bull came bearing down on them.
'Oh my God,' cried the wife. 'What are we going to do?'
'Well, my dear,' replied her husband. 'I'm going to chew grass, but you'd better brace yourself.'

The old ladies were on a church outing, but the coach driver was very fast and very reckless.
The vicar looked at the old dear next to him and saw she had gone white with fear. He put his arm comfortingly on her shoulder and said, with a great show of jocularity: 'Some speed, eh, Mrs. Withers? Some speed!'
'I don't know about the others,' she quavered. 'But I certainly have.'

At his local pub one night, a man is amazed to find the bartender continuously giving free drinks all evening. Soon he asks the barman whether it's his birthday, or some other special occasion.
'Not at all,' snaps the bartender. 'Did you see that fat man who went upstairs with that girl? That was the publican, and that girl was my wife. What he's doing to her, I'm doing to his business.'

Then there was the wedding of a girlfriend of ours who was five months pregnant. The guests all threw puffed rice.

There was once a parrot who annoyed a gentleman farmer by repeatedly raping the hens. Finally, the farmer warned the parrot that if his behaviour didn't improve, he'd pluck all the feathers from his head.
Next evening, he caught the parrot having a romp with the hens again, and he pulled out every head-feather the parrot had. Not long after, the farmer's wife had a formal dinner, and appointed the parrot to direct everyone to their places.
'Ladies to the left,' squawked the parrot, as the guests entered. 'Gentlemen to the right.'
Just then, two bald-headed men walked in. The parrot cried: 'You two hen-rapers out in the chicken-house with me.'

A scientific student named Raffety
Went into a gentleman's laffety.
When the walls caught his sight,
He said: 'Newton was right
This must be the centre of graffiti.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected for publication. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

Something happens after your first bottle of the world's most exclusive beer

(You stop worrying about the price!)

LÖWENBRÄU

The world's most exclusive and expensive beer

U.K. Importers: J. C. McLaughlin Ltd., 124-126 Denmark Hill, London, S. E. 5. Tel: 01-733 1161/6

LETTERS

continued from page 18

Eventually the boy collapsed exhausted with his laughing young rider still sitting firmly on his back and had to admit that he had been tamed.
The girl so enjoyed the experience that she became completely enchanted with equus eroticus and with the same boyfriend's ready assistance she practises it still.
D.McG., Kew Gardens (full name and address supplied)

We've had many letters about equus eroticus, but we have been able to find hardly any literature on the subject. Basically, it involves a girl riding a man's back (or vice versa, presumably) for the sexual delight it gives her. It might be motivated purely by the physical stimulation involved, or it might be that feelings of dominance are the prime mover. 'The Libertine', which starred Catherine Spaak as a lustful young widow with a penchant for saddling her lovers, was one of the first films to use equus eroticus as its main theme. The censor's scissors left little of this in, however, for its British screening.

Mrs P. F. of Norwich, told us about wearing no panties in Vol. 3 No. 9. If you are indeed walking about unclothed beneath your outer garment, Mrs P. F. – and with the very real hope that you will lose the game of 'what-ho the merry breeze' and 'first up the escalator' – do let us *know* when we've won. Let's have a smile, a prettily-lowered lid, to let us see we have earned the reward you've offered.
Incidentally, Sue Harting is my dolly of a lifetime – for I have been looking that long for one who possesses to perfection the classic Venus de Milo breasts on which one could 'hang one's hat'.
S. W. Carlow, Upper Richmond Road, Putney

That would be a prettily-lowered lid indeed.

I have discussed Mrs P. F. of Norwich's nipple ornaments with my girl-friend, and she is very keen to try them. They should go well with her G-strings. But they must be made to stick on her nipples – I don't go much on nipple piercing. Ear lobes yes – nipples no.
J. C. Carley, Albert Street, Ventnor, Isle of Wight

May I, an Australian housewife holidaying in your country, be permitted to comment on the letter of Mrs P. F. on breast jewellery, which I have read with great interest. The Hindu women are, of course, the great exponents of body jewellery – eg pierced nostrils for nose jewellery, toe rings, navel jewels – and we could learn from them something of the erotic beauty of body adornment.
Mrs P. F.'s comments on nipple jewellery are very pertinent, but nipple piercing is definitely undesirable as the nipple should be left free for erotic love-play by biting, sucking etc. The breasts should be pierced below the nipples. I have had gold rings pierced through both breasts below the nipples, on which a variety of pendant jewellery can be attached, and my husband can certainly attest to the erotic attraction of dangling and flashing jewellery in this situation. The rings are also useful for other erotic love-play techniques, eg with chains.
I certainly would feel lost without the gold rings, which I now feel are part of my bodily attraction.
Mrs H.E., Mitcham, South Australia (full name and address supplied)

You recently asked for comments on mini-skirt viewing. Here are mine. I must have seen more than my share of thighs and pants, working as I do in the ladies' shoe trade.
I've almost got to the stage where I can tell if a girl bought her undies at Marks and Sparks or Dorothy Perkins. Even so, this past week has been almost too much even for me, and I've been looking at ladies' legs for ten years.
It is the practice of my firm to put sale goods on racks outside the shop at this time of year. This year, this happened to coincide with my dressing the windows, which reach right down to the pavement. Imagine the views I've been feasting my eyes on, as hordes of women and girls clamber around trying on the goods as

I'm practically lying down arranging displays.
If you've ever watched women trying on shoes standing up, you'll know what I mean. With a mini on, a girl shows quite a lot when she lifts up a leg to slip her foot into a shoe. The panties I saw! White was the favourite colour. The panties that were missing! It was amazing. They nearly all wore tights. The only stockings I saw were two pairs of hold-ups. What surprised me was that if they saw me having a sly peep, the single girls nearly all walked away, but the married ones didn't. Mostly they tried to show even more. Standing directly in front of me, and obviously getting a great kick out of showing their panties, and in some cases, just sheer tights that didn't disguise anything. It got to the stage where I was letting them see me looking up their skirts. Most of the time it met with favourable reaction and a good display of feminine charms. I've never known such a week.
C.A.J., Erdington, Birmingham 23 (full name and address supplied)

I wonder if you have ever analysed your monthly sales against the subject matter of your front-page photograph. Certainly I must admit your picture of a curvaceous blonde lying on white fur made me buy your September issue (Vol. 4 No. 9).
Inside, apart from more pictures on the same delightful theme, you ran an article on the special pleasures some people gain from seeing and touching tight silky underwear. It seems to me that there is possibly a greater pleasure to be gained from the sight and sensual feel of a girl clad only in furs.
This was brought home to me some while ago when my wife came into our bedroom after her bath, wearing only her white fox fur stole, and somewhat reticently asked if I liked seeing her wearing just a fur. Needless to say, I was able to assure her that she looked marvellous, and her pleasure was obvious when I took the fur off and started to stroke and caress her with it.
Since then we have often made love with the soft caress of fur as a prelude, and my wife has made, because they are difficult to buy, a delightful set of fur underwear for our mutual pleasure. As you are aware, complete nudity is not the only criterion for maximum sexual and erotic enjoyment, and I hope you will be persuaded to publish more about girls in (and out of) furs.
J. D. Kirkley, Royston

Our pictures of striptease dancer Rita Reamur on her fur bed brought fervent congratulations from many readers. Many of you asked where she got her tight leather bra and panties: we regret to say they're not on general sale. Rita has them made specially for her. As for comparing sales figures with cover photographs, Mr Kirkley, that's an academic exercise for us. Circulation continues to rise steadily.

I would like to contribute to the discussion which has been published in your magazine regarding the effect that stockings and suspender belts have on men.
It is also my experience that the use of stockings has a great sexual effect compared with the sight of tights, which I believe is one of the worst things a woman can wear.
I realise that unfortunately the use of stockings is out of fashion, but I also believe that in the future, women will find out that by discarding stockings they have very much diminished their force of sexual attraction.
It would be interesting to know whether Miss Pat Asquith prefers to wear stockings or tights.
Chris Nyholm, Copenhagen

Pat Asquith replies: I'm caught, like most girls, between a just-below-the-bottom hemline, with its startling revelation of the stocking-gap, and a male dislike of tights. I'm sorry to say I've opted for tights. They do have their compensations, Mr Nyholm, after all. A girl who's feeling brave can always forget to put on her panties underneath them. Or sometimes, like me, she can genuinely forget without feeling brave at all.

I thought the Quest article on stockings and suspenders was terrific. I know that many of your readers are keen on PVC boots, etc., but like several of the young men in that article, I just adore the look and feel of nylon-clad legs and feet. To lie down, and feel a girl's nylon-stockinged feet pressing and sliding against the whole of my body, from head to toe, is the greatest sensation of all.
R.Y., St. Peters Road, Birmingham 17

Obviously you haven't tried it standing up.

As a girl, I've always fancied posing in the nude for photographs, but never dare ask anyone how to go about this without being misunderstood. I do not necessarily want to go to bed with a man just because I appear naked in front of him. I know that all men regard a girl who will pose nude as a good lay, and maybe they are right. It seems difficult for me to believe that photographs of nude girls in nothing but black shiny boots, belts, chains, furry G-strings, etc., and sprawled in provocative positions on beds and floors, just end as photographs. What goes on at a 'session'? I'd like to know what's expected of a girl in this case – will your models ever admit that bed is part of the posing for glossy magazines setup?
Jennie C., Guernsey (full name and address supplied)

A girl who poses nude for Mayfair is as safe as a convent novice. We feel responsible for her introduction into nude modelling, and for any subsequent work she may get in films or advertising. We are not out to take advantage of her.

I don't know whether you've ever been in the search room of Somerset House, but there is a gallery running along one wall, where all the birth records are filed, and you have to go up there to look for your own record if you want a copy of your certificate.
I was there recently, and I was just filling out my form on the ground floor when I glanced up. I saw, pressed against the black wire mesh of the gallery rail, a rounded bottom in excruciatingly tight tights, its cheeks parted only by a thin white wedge of bulging broderie-anglaise panties.
I stared fascinated at this vision, and then the bottom's owner stood up, and I saw a super young girl in a micro-skirt that hardly covered the curved lower reaches of her buttocks. The top half was just as nice: two small breasts

turn to page 94

SWINGING JIGSAW!
DOUBLE-SIDED!
1/3rd LIFE SIZE!

This is the world's only DOUBLE-SIDED, full-colour NUDE jigsaw puzzle! Perfect for the long winter evenings – do it in front of the fire with a loved one! The ideal gift! The man who has everything hasn't got this! Not in the shops – by post only from the address below!

ONLY 30s. – post and packing free! Send money with order TODAY to:

TONAIR PRODUCTS (DPD) LTD
PO BOX 138,
35 DALE STREET,
MANCHESTER M60 1JA

BLUE ANGEL
Members Club

Dancing to top groups on two floors, 8pm until 2am. Fully licensed — meals until 2am. Meet with the 'in crowd' at the Blue Angel.

108 SEEL ST
LIVERPOOL 1
Tel: ROYAL 9492

Rita Reamur strips on fur at the Raymond Revuebar

This card makes you a member of 300 clubs It also brings you twelve issues of Mayfair It costs £5

This laminated card, embossed with your name, entitles you to free membership of the 300 clubs in Mayfair's Members Club. Clubs like the Raymond Revuebar, London's top striptease theatre. Like Churchill's, the prestige cabaret club. And country clubs, restaurants, discotheques and nightclubs all over Britain.

When you're a member, you also get a subscription to Mayfair – twelve glossy issues each year of superb entertainment for men.

In today's world, this card means something. And so does the man who owns it.

HOW TO GET YOUR CARD

Become a member of Mayfair Magazine Members Club.

The Members Club is the most momentous club project ever launched in this country. In the space of a few months it has grown from 150 to 300 top-line clubs.

No magazine has ever offered its readers such a comprehensive and valuable service for so little. You don't just become a member of one club that may be hard for you to visit. You are a member of a good selection of clubs in your part of Britain, and all over Britain.

All you have to do is fill in the £5 Banker's Order below and send it to us.

In return, we'll send you a monthly copy of Mayfair, and your club card. Plus the latest details on all the clubs you belong to.

FILL OUT THE FORM BELOW

It will guarantee you three years' membership at the same price of £5 – regardless of any rises in the magazine's price or administration costs.

You can send us a cheque or postal order for one year's membership if you wish, but because of the extra administration involved, this costs £5 10s.

Allow 21 days for your name to be proposed and seconded at each of the clubs, please.

(If you just want a subscription to Mayfair, at £3 12s 0d a year, please see page 82.)

To: THE MEMBERS CLUB, 95, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON W.C.2.

I hereby apply for membership of the Members Club. Please send me my membership card, details of all the Club facilities and the next 12 issues of Mayfair. I and my guests agree to conform to the rules of each club which we visit.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Occupation.....

Signature.....*(I am over 18 years of age.)*

BANKER'S ORDER 412

To.....Bank Limited.

Branch.....

Address.....

.....Date.....

Please pay to the order of The Members Club, The National Bank, The Strand, London WC 2 (19-06-60) the sum of £5 0s 0d on the above date, and thereafter on the same date each year, being my subscription to The Members Club

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

LETTERS

continued from page 91

wrapped in clinging wet-look cire. I think today's girls are fabulous. Even though you may not be seriously considering seducing them for a moment, they still afford a daily show of sex on a provocative level.
E.R., Queensway, W2

I wish to say that I enjoy Mayfair very much indeed, but I'm not so happy about some of the sick jokes that have appeared recently. I think that one of the blind people (Vol. 4 No. 6) was really depraved. The girls are marvellous, but please *can* the jokes that are in poor taste.
Sidney Beale, High Street, Exeter

The joke you mention was the subject of intense discussion in our office when it was seen at proof stage. We are grateful to you for taking the trouble to write to us about one specific cartoon, and your letter is sufficient for us to consider most carefully any further cartoons of this sort. We certainly do not intend to include sick jokes in the magazine. It is just that there are some cartoons about which people would have different, but strongly held, viewpoints.

I have been commissioned by Leslie Frewin Publishers Ltd. to prepare an anthology of the best Catholic humour. I would be most grateful if your readers would send me their favourite Catholic jokes, with a particular emphasis on epigrams, witticisms and pithy sayings which have any connection to the doctrines, practices and

personalities of the Church. All such contributions will be gratefully acknowledged and credited.
Richard Huggett, New Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport Street, London WC2

Well, there's always the true story of the Catholic monsignor showing the Anglican bishop round his new presbytery. The bishop was obviously impressed when he remembered his own church's draughty rectories. 'Ah, my dear bishop,' said the monsignor, with a bland smile, 'you have better halves, but we have better quarters.'

I was under the impression that girls or women and males in Europe and America gave no importance to handling of the female breast as foreplay during intercourse. Rather, in some sexual books written by European authors, there is an impression left that handling of the breast is not liked by females and stirs no interest. Similarly, men do not give any importance to it.
But today I read Mayfair Vol. 4 No. 8, under the heading Quest, which has cleared my doubts and past experience. There is one more question for your Laboratory of Human Response which is still not clearly stated by any book on sexology written by a European. Do girls or women feel any stimulation from seeing or handling the male sexual parts. I therefore beg you to do the research work on this, and publish the findings in your Quest columns. Please do not publish my name. I only want to enhance my knowledge as a medical practitioner.
Dr. S.A., Gambia, West Africa (full name and address supplied)

It is precisely the function of Quest to provide research material in place of the many differing opinions that are expressed in sexual textbooks. We hope you find that future Quest surveys provide you with the information you seek.

I was interested to read in Vol. 4 No. 9 the Quest report on panties. Incidentally, why does the word 'panties' evoke more excitement than the other words for the same garment – pants, briefs or knickers?
The main part of the inquiry seemed to be: why do men like panties? There is, of course, another question: why do girls like to display their panties?
I have a girlfriend who will expose her undies at any opportunity. The first time she did it was when I visited her at her sister's flat. We were sitting in opposite chairs and her sister got up and stood behind my chair. Her back must have been turned for an instant, for my girl lifted up her skirt for a split-second, showing me her pink panties, worn on top of tights.
Later, when we were in my parked car, I asked her what she thought she was doing. She didn't say a word, but just lifted up her skirt again, and dropped it as I made a grab.
Since then, every time we are together, she does the same thing. When I'm driving, when we are in a pub and no one is looking. Even when she's wearing slacks, she loosens the waistband so I can peer down.
Another funny mannerism of hers comes when she spends the night with me. When I undress her, she insists that I put my head under her skirt and pull her panties down with my teeth.
A.R., Bridgend, Glamorganshire

Sounds like a fine pair of choppers.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2

THE MEMBERS CLUB BANKER'S ORDER

Subscription by this Banker's Order entitles and guarantees the signee to full membership of the Members Club, and to all retail discounts, free club memberships, and other privileges which may be offered from time to time by the Members Club, including all changes and variations whatsoever for a period of not less than three years from the first date of membership.

Cut out this coupon and send it to:

The Members Club,
95 Chancery Lane,
London WC2

FROM BEYOND

continued from page 10

scene was almost wholly kaleidoscopic, and in the jumble of sights, sounds, and unidentified sense-impressions I felt that I was about to dissolve or in some way lose the solid form. One definite flash I shall always remember. I seemed for an instant to behold a patch of strange night sky filled with shining, revolving spheres, and as it receded I saw that the glowing suns formed a constellation or galaxy of settled shape; this shape being the distorted face of Crawford Tillinghast. At another time I felt the huge animate things brushing past me and occasionally *walking or drifting through my supposedly solid body,* and thought I saw Tillinghast look at them as though his better trained senses could catch them visually. I recalled what he had said of the pineal gland, and wondered what he saw with his preternatural eye.

Suddenly I myself became possessed of a kind of augmented sight. Over and above the luminous and shadowy chaos arose a picture which, though vague, held the elements of consistency and permanence. It was indeed somewhat familiar, for the unusual part was superimposed upon the usual terrestrial scene much as a cinema view may be thrown upon the painted curtain of a theatre. I saw the attic laboratory, the electrical machine, and the unsightly form of Tillinghast opposite me; but of all the space unoccupied by familiar objects not one particle was vacant. Indescribable shapes both alive and otherwise were mixed in disgusting disarray and close to every known thing were whole worlds of alien, unknown entities. It likewise seemed that all the known things entered into the composition of other unknown things, and vice versa. Foremost among the living objects were inky, jellyish monstrosities which flabbily quivered in harmony with the vibrations from the machine. They were present in loathsome profusion, and I saw to my horror that they *overlapped;* that they were semi-fluid and capable of passing through one another and through what we know as solids. These things were never still, but seemed ever floating about with some malignant purpose. Sometimes they appeared to devour one another, the attacker launching itself at its victim and instantaneously obliterating the latter from sight. Shudderingly I felt that I knew what had obliterated the unfortunate servants, and could not exclude the things from my mind as I strove to observe other properties of the newly visible world that lies unseen around us. But Tillinghast had been watching me, and was speaking.

'You see them? You see them? You see the things that float and flop about you and through you every moment of your life? You see the creatures that form what men call the pure air and the blue sky? Have I not succeeded in breaking down the barrier; have I not shown you worlds that no other living men have seen?' I heard his scream through the horrible chaos, and looked at the wild face thrust so offensively close to mine. His eyes were pits of flame, and they glared at me with what I now saw was overwhelming hatred. The machine droned detestably.

'You think those floundering things wiped out the servants? Fool, they are harmless! But the servants *are* gone, aren't they? You tried to stop me; you discouraged me when I needed every drop of encouragement I could get; you were afraid of the cosmic truth, you damned coward, but now I've got you! What swept up the servants? What made them scream so loud? . . . Don't know, eh! You'll know soon enough. Look at me – listen to what I say – do you suppose there are really any such things as time and magnitude? Do you fancy there are such things as form or matter? I tell you, I have struck depths that your little brain can't picture. I have seen beyond the bounds of infinity and drawn down daemons from the stars . . . I have harnessed the shadows that stride from world to world to sow death and madness . . . Space belongs to me, do you hear? Things are hunting me now – the things that devour and dissolve – but I know how to elude them. It is you they will get, as they got the servants . . . Stirring, dear sir? I told you it was dangerous to move, I have saved you so far by telling you to keep still – saved you to see more sights and to listen to me. If you had moved, they would have been at you long ago. Don't worry, they won't *hurt* you. They didn't hurt the servants – it was the *seeing* that made the poor devils scream so. My pets are not pretty, for they come out of places where aesthetic standards are – *very different.* Disintegration is quite painless, I assure you – *but I want you to see them.* I almost saw them, but I knew how to stop. You are curious? I always knew you were no scientist. Trembling, eh. Trembling with anxiety to see the ultimate things I have discovered. Why don't you move, then? Tired? Well, don't worry, my friend, *for they are coming* . . . Look, look, curse you, look . . . it's just over your left shoulder . . . '

What remains to be told is very brief, and may be familiar to you from the newspaper accounts. The police heard a shot in the old Tillinghast house and found us there – Tillinghast dead and me unconscious. They arrested me because the revolver was in my hand, but released me in three hours, after they found it was apoplexy which had finished Tillinghast and saw that my shot had been directed at the noxious machine which now lay hopelessly shattered on the laboratory floor. I did not tell very much of what I had seen, for I feared the coroner would be sceptical; but from the evasive outline I did give, the doctor told me that I had undoubtedly been hypnotised by the vindictive and homicidal madman.

I wish I could believe that doctor. It would help my shaky nerves if I could dismiss what I now have to think of the air and the sky about and above me. I never feel alone or comfortable, and a hideous sense of pursuit sometimes comes chillingly on me when I am weary. What prevents me from believing the doctor is this one simple fact – that the police never found the bodies of those servants whom they say Crawford Tillinghast murdered.

'My God, there's greenfly on the ivy'

DO THE IMPOSSIBLE!

WEAR ONE WATCH INSIDE ANOTHER!

Until now you had to choose. Either you sported a chronograph, the watch with a built-in brain. Or you opted for the convenience of a self-winding watch. No single timepiece combined the advantages of both. Until the CHRONOMATIC was introduced.

The CHRONO-MATIC is, in effect, a miniature computer, ready to reckon the most complex calculations. Instantaneously. To an accuracy of fifths of seconds! But it is also a self-winding watch, complete with calendar on its dashing, instrument-panel dial. So the CHRONO-MATIC is really two watches in one. There are over 40 Breitling Chronographs in the range from £27.10.0—£93.0.0.

CHRONO-MATIC

The greatest watchmaking invention for years — and years to come.

31343
CHRONO-MATIC
Self-winding
Waterproof
Calendar
<

31308 steel
NAVITIMER
Self-winding
Waterproof
Calendar >

Please send me, free of charge, your new catalogue in full colour — a real encyclopaedia of the most modern and versatile chronographs yet designed!

Name: Christian name:

Profession:

Address:

H. Golay & Son Ltd., 101 Bell Street, Reigate, Surrey.
Tel: Reigate 45666. MF12.

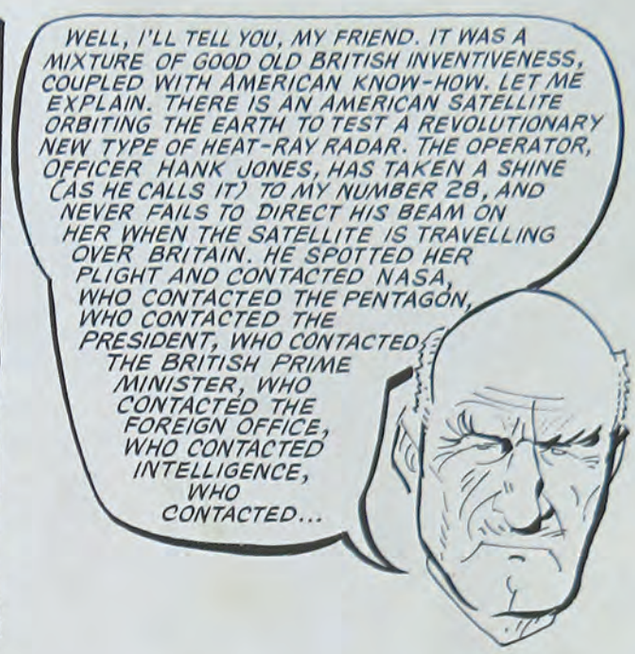
BREITLING
GENÈVE

LINDY LEIGH

EPISODE 12
THE CUTTING-IT-FINE CAPER
LINDY-LEIGH HIDES A WARM HEART UNDER HER RUTHLESS ESPIONAGE EXTERIOR...
A RIGHT MERRY XMAS TO YOU, FATHER XMAS.
SPARE A PENNY
BLESS YOU— PLEASE CHOOSE A GIFT...
OH, I COULDN'T. I WANTED TO GIVE, NOT RECEIVE...
ONLY INEXPENSIVE CRACKERS. PLEASE TAKE ONE...
IF YOU INSIST, SANTA. NOW LET ME SEE...
FLOOP!
URGH!
LET OUT OF THE BAG, LINDY FINDS HERSELF FACE TO FACE WITH AN OLD ENEMY OF HERS, NOW OUT OF DISGUISE...
HANH CHUM HANG, CHINA'S CHIEF OF SECRET POLICE!
TOO RIGHT YOU ARE. I WANT THE NAMES AND LOCATIONS OF ALL BRITISH AGENTS AND I WANT THEM NOW. SO THERE, AS MAO SAYS.
NEVER! YOU CAN KILL ME! TORTURE ME! RAPE ME! I'LL NEVER BETRAY MY COLLEAGUES!
I SHALL DO ALL THAT, IN REVERSE ORDER, YOU MISERABLE SPAWN OF FISH-FINGER SOCIETY...
I KNOW YOU ALWAYS CARRY A BUG ON YOU. NO DOUBT COLONEL X IS LISTENING IN NOW, BUSY WORKING OUT YOUR EXACT LOCATION. I SHALL DESTROY YOUR BUG, AND THEN...
BUZZ BUZZ
BUZZ BUZZ
AH, FOUND IT! BUT I SHALL SEARCH FURTHER! I DON'T TRUST SERFS OF IMPERIALISTIC SOCIETY...

PEEP... PEEP... PEEP...
ONE MORE IN YOUR HAIR...
SQUEAK SQUEAK!
AND THE LAST ONE IN YOUR UNPRODUCTIVE CAPITALIST NAVEL...
TWO IN YOUR BOOTS...
pip pip pip
BUGLESS IN GAZA, LINDY IS TAKEN TO A SECRET SAWMILL OUTSIDE TOWN...
NOW THE NAMES... OR YOU'LL FEEL PRETTY SAW...
DO YOUR WORST, FOUL KNAVE...
STILL STUBBORN, UNAPPETISING BUREAUCRAT?
SCREECH
SNAP!
I'LL N-NEVER T-T-TALK...
NAMES, YOU LACKEY OF WHITEHALL...
SNAP!
COLONEL X WILL RESCUE ME! YOU'LL SEE!
YOU HAVE ONE SECOND LEFT, YOU DECADENT DOLLY
AH! SAVED! THERE'S THE CHIEF NOW...

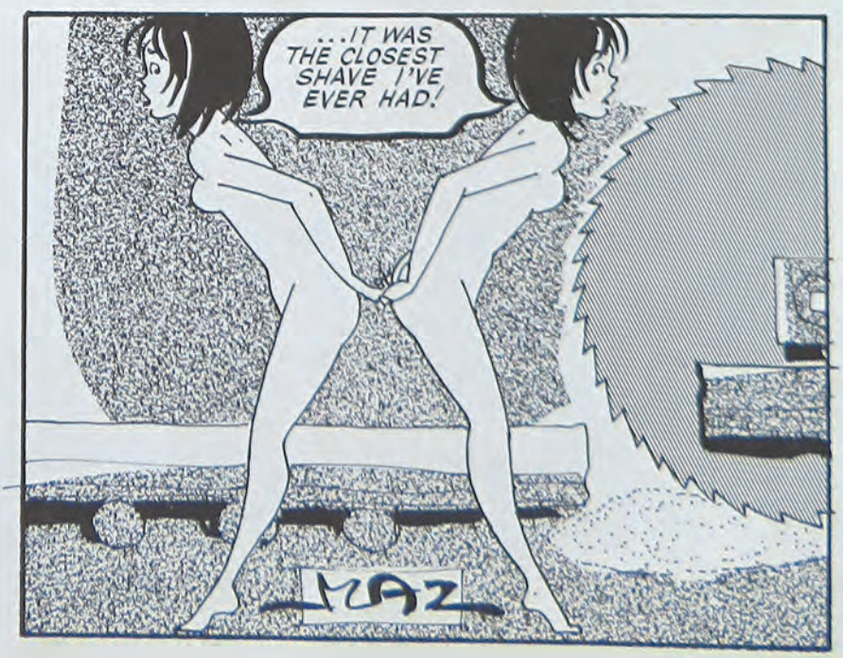
CRASH!
RAISE YOUR HANDS, HANH. THE PLACE IS SURROUNDED
THIS IS MOST DISTRESSING! HOW DID YOU TRACE ME? I DEBUGGED YOUR SPYLET COMPLETELY...


WELL, I'LL TELL YOU, MY FRIEND. IT WAS A MIXTURE OF GOOD OLD BRITISH INVENTIVENESS, COUPLED WITH AMERICAN KNOW-HOW. LET ME EXPLAIN. THERE IS AN AMERICAN SATELLITE ORBITING THE EARTH TO TEST A REVOLUTIONARY NEW TYPE OF HEAT-RAY RADAR. THE OPERATOR, OFFICER HANK JONES, HAS TAKEN A SHINE (AS HE CALLS IT) TO MY NUMBER 28, AND NEVER FAILS TO DIRECT HIS BEAM ON HER WHEN THE SATELLITE IS TRAVELLING OVER BRITAIN. HE SPOTTED HER PLIGHT AND CONTACTED NASA, WHO CONTACTED THE PENTAGON, WHO CONTACTED THE PRESIDENT, WHO CONTACTED THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER, WHO CONTACTED THE FOREIGN OFFICE, WHO CONTACTED INTELLIGENCE, WHO CONTACTED...

CHIEF!!
CUT IT SHORT, PLEASE!

GREAT SCOTT! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT NUMBER 28. SOMEONE THROW THAT SWITCH, THERE'S A GOOD CHAP...

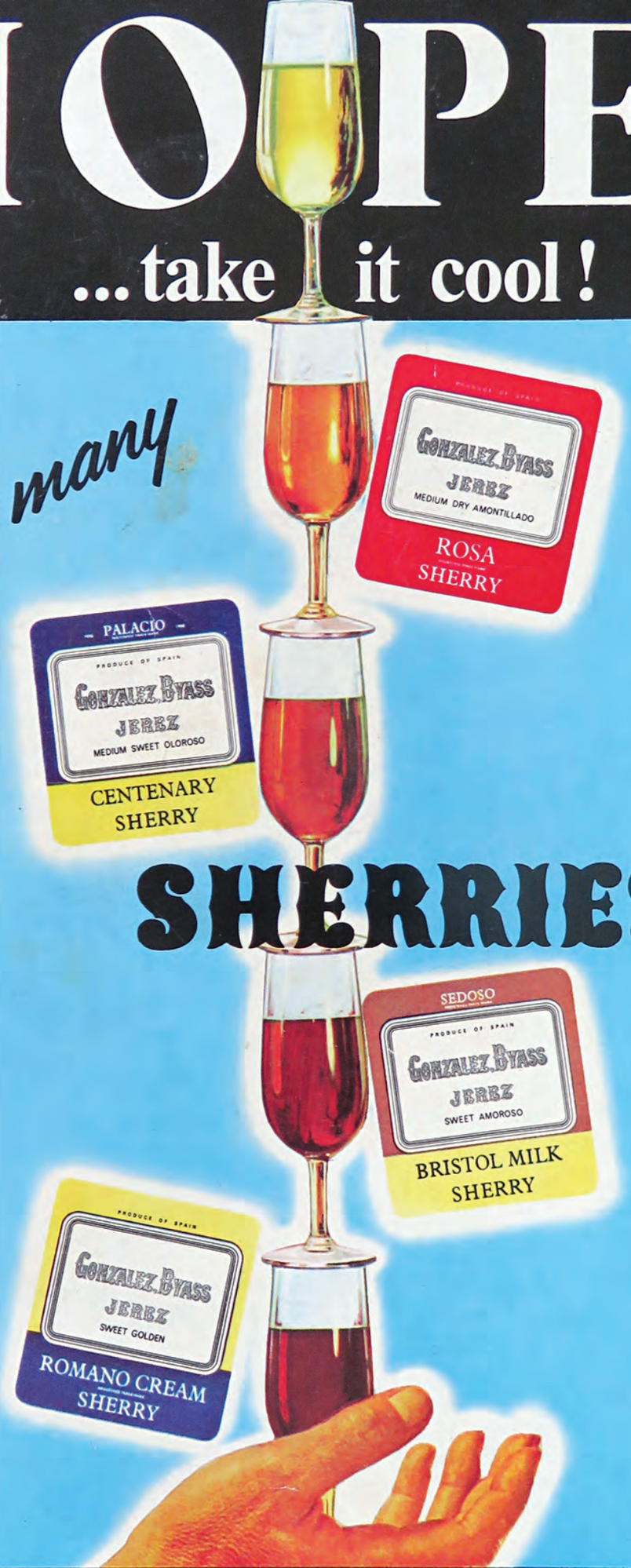
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, NUMBER 28?
YES, SIR. BUT I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING...


...IT WAS THE CLOSEST SHAVE I'VE EVER HAD!
MAZ

TIO PEPE..

...take it cool!

Some of many



SHERRIES

Of the complete range of Sherries we show five of our World famous Brands, each depicting one of the five main classifications — FINO—AMONTILLADO—OLOROSO — AMOROSO — CREAM — mostly sweeter as the colour deepens: each of a quality synonymous with the name **GONZALEZ BYASS**

Produced from over 1800 acres of the finest Jerez vineyards—matured and blended in our vast Bodegas in Spain.

From TIO PEPE—light and dry . . . best taken cool—to Romano Cream —velvet rich . . . enjoyed by all. We produce Sherry of every shade— DRY—MEDIUM or SWEET—To be sure of your taste

buy **GONZALEZ BYASS**

and **Look for these labels**

by GONZALEZ BYASS